THE SPORTING MAGAZINE; OR, MONTHLY CALENDAR, OF THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE, AND SPIRIT.

For NOVEMBER, 1801.

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[Embellished with an Engraving of—CONTEST FOR THE BRUSH; and an Etching of an OCCURRENCE IN DUKE'S PLACE.]

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Constant Reader would esteem it a favour to be informed, by some of our Correspondents, whether the horse, *Old Pilot*, the Founder of the late Mr. La dd's Stud, be living, and whether he is to be obtained as a Stallion.

A New History of Clubs is received; and No. I. shall appear in our next.

The Poem on Campanology, and "*Humorous Remarks upon the Signs in the Metropolis*," are intended for insertion.

On account of the great press of Temporary Matter, a variety of ingenious Communications are unavoidably postponed till next month.—Among these, is the "*Account of the Ancient Manner of celebrating the 17th of November in London*;"—a holiday observed in all the Inns of Court, &c. &c.

C. Tomson of Nottingham del.

Contest for the Brush.

Pub. Dec. 1, 1801. by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE,

For NOVEMBER, 1801.

EXPLANATION OF PLATE I.

CONTEST FOR THE BRUSH;
OR,
THE HUNTSMAN'S OLD CROP,
BEATING THE 'SQUIRE'S FAVOURITE GREY.

A beautiful Engraving, from the Design of Mr. Clifton Tomson, *of* Nottingham.

WE have no other description to give, of this subject, than merely what is expressed above——CONTEST FOR THE BRUSH,—the meaning of which is so evident as not to stand in need of explanation.—The Huntsman and the 'Squire are doubtless in pursuit at a Fox Chase, and the old true-bottomed veteran of the former gives the *go-by* to the 'Squire's famous Grey, who, like many advertised horses in London, is "the best and fastest in the kingdom,"—until another and a better, like Old Crop, comes against him.

SPORTING QUARREL.

TUESDAY, Nov. 17, in the Court of King's Bench, Mr. Balguy said, he was instructed to move the Court for a criminal information against the Rev. Mr. Samuel Hunt, a clergyman in the county of Leicester, for challenging a gentleman, of the name of Nieu, to fight a duel. The circumstances were these:—

Mr. Hunt, who was a sporting man, had been warned off the estate of Mr. Nieu; in revenge for which, he made a point of going out in the morning with a couple of spaniels, in that direction where he was likely to meet with Mr. Nieu, who generally amused himself with the diversion of coursing. As soon as Mr. Hunt perceived Mr. Nieu's greyhounds, he would give the *view holla!* as if he had started the game, and then call the dogs on, in order to disappoint them. One morning, he went up to Mr. Nieu, and told him, that was the way he would always serve him; and, upon being asked his reason for such behaviour, he replied, that he (Mr. Nieu) was a rascal and a scoundrel, and, if he would exchange a brace of shot with him, he would wave his cloth.

The Court granted a rule to shew cause.

SPORTING ACCIDENT.

LORD Foley, hunting with Lord Harborough's hounds, in Leicestershire, has met with a dangerous accident:—His horse's legs dropped into a deep hole, and the animal fell backwards upon his lordship. His friends were near enough immediately to extricate him; but he fainted, and after-

wards vomited a considerable quantity of blood. Lord Harborough immediately sent for his carriage; but Lord F. could not be removed further than to an adjoining farm-house.

The last accounts happily state, that he is better; and we trust he will be sufficiently recovered to meet his friends at Witley, on the 21st of December, on which day his Lordship comes of age.

COURSING MEETINGS, &c.

ESSEX.

THE following is a return of matches run in Essex, by the Bradwell and Tillingham Club, on Tuesday the 17th November.—The weather was very fine, and the hares running strong, afforded an excellent day's sport.

WINNERS.

1. Mr. Cawston's Shift.
2. Mr. Dudley's Janns.
3. Mr. Dudley's Madam.
4. Mr. Evans's Wasp.
5. Mr. Dudley's Friday.
6. Mr. Bawtree's Duncan.
7. Mr. Evans's Wasp.
8. Mr. Dudley's Merlin.
9. Mr. Williams's Pigmy.
10. Mr. Dudley's Terling.
11. Mr. J. Wright's Catch.
12. Mr. Pattison's Twist.
13. Mr. J. Wright's Keeper.
14. Mr. Dudley's Madam.

LOSERS.

1. Mr. Dudley's Marplot.
2. Mr. Wise's Twist.
3. Mr. Wakefield's Mistress.
4. Mr. Bawtree's Soot.
5. Mr. Wakefield's Defoe.
6. Major Pocklington's Speed.
7. Mr. Pattison's Reaper.
8. Mr. Wise's Chree.
9. Mr. Pattison's Twist.
10. Mr. Cawston's Shift.
11. Mr. Wakefield's Mistress.
12. Mr. Williams's Primrose.
13. Mr. Dudley's Madam.
14. Mr. J. Wright's Keeper, 2d course.

SWAFFHAM.

The Coursing Meeting at Swaffham, this month, was numerously and respectably attended.—The Silver Cup was won by Mr. Denton's bitch, Nettle, beating Mr. Tysten's bitch, and three others.

More matches were made than could be determined in the course of the week.

The assembly, on the Thursday evening, was brilliantly and numerously attended.

From the Morning Herald *Newspaper*, *Nov.* 26, 1801.

MR. EDITOR,

PRAY tell your "*honest* YORKSHIRE MAN," that I would fain invite him from his *Flixton Wolds*, to try a leash of Greyhounds with him, fairly, on some good ground unknown to the dogs of either country. My competitor is a little incorrect, in asserting, that I had represented the *South* - country GREYHOUNDS as superior to those of the *North*:—a reference to my former note will convince him of his error. I am aware of the *dodge* of the hares on the top of his favourite *wolds*, which often enables a hairy lurcher of that neighbourhood to beat, in *this way*, a good greyhound unpractised in these FLIXTON devices!

I wish to meet the *Yorkshire Man*, with no advantage or disadvantage on either side. Let him, therefore, name a leash of Greyhounds *bred by himself*, and *now* bona fide *his own property*, and I will produce a leash precisely under the same circumstances, and run him, upon any fair

Coursing

Coursing Ground within seventy miles of London, on the day he mentioned, *viz.* the 10th day of February next; and for such sum as may be agreed upon between us.

Should this plain proposal be approved of, a meeting in town is all that is necessary, for proper articles, &c. a summons to which will be duly attended to, by

Your's, &c.

Nov. 22, 1801. *Old* SOHO!

☞ The previous letters on this subject are to be met with in the Sporting Magazine for September and October last.

SPORTING MEETINGS.

LEICESTERSHIRE HUNT.

THE annual meeting of the subscribers to the Leicester Hunt was this year unusually *dashing*.—A Silver Cup was substituted for the *Whip*; which, after a severe and well-contested heat, on Monday, October 26, was won by Captain Morgan's Young Morwick, rode by Captain Wilkie, beating Mr. Hudson's Lotion, Mr. Banbury's Honeysuckle, Mr. Pearson's Candidate, and Mr. J. Cradock's Sprightly.

The odds, at starting, were 2 to 1 against Honeysuckle, 5 to 2 against Young Morwick, 14 to 4 against Lotion, 4 to 1 against Candidate, and 10 to 1 againt Sprightly.

The same day, a match between Mr. Meredith and Mr. Dabbs was won by the former. Mr. Dabbs broke his stirrup-leather.—Even betting.

And, on the day following, a match for 150 guineas, one four-mile heat, was run between Capt. Morgan's Young Morwick and Mr. Hudson's Lotion, which afforded excellent diversion, and was won by the latter. Even betting.

CUMBERLAND HUNT.

The Egremont Meeting, which closed on Thursday the 18th Nov. was more numerously attended than for several former years; and, for conviviality and harmony, was never excelled since the first institution of the society. Some new members were added; and Edmund Lamplugh Irton, Esq. and John Jackson, Esq. were elected stewards for the next meeting.

The Hunt-Ball, at Whitehaven, on Thursday evening, afforded a fine display of beauty and elegance. The company consisted of forty-nine ladies and thirty-one gentlemen.

VARIOUS ACCOUNTS OF THE BOXING MATCHES.

NOVEMBER 25, 1801.

BELCHER AND BURK.

THE anxiously expected contest between the renowned champions of the fist, Belcher and Burk, was this day decided. The public are sufficiently aware of the recent disappointment which occurred at Enfield; consequently the intended place of rendezvous was kept so very secret, that, until Tuesday afternoon, the Campus Martius was not precisely adjusted. Hurley Bottom, a valley situated thirty-two miles from Hyde-Park Corner, and about four miles and an half from Maidenhead, between the Henley and Reading roads, was fixed on.

About ten minutes after twelve o'clock at noon, Belcher appeared on the stage, and having stripped with that gallantry for which he is so

so celebrious, examined most accurately the boards of the stage, in case of any nail being so prominent as to do him an eventual injury. Shortly after, Burk, his antagonist, appeared; when the battle, at ten minutes past twelve o'clock, began as follows:—

Belcher's second was Joe Ward, and his bottle-holder, a young man from Bristol, but not known to the pugilistic world.

Burk was attended by Harry Lee, as second, and Geo. Rhodes, as bottle holder.

After the accustomed ceremony of shaking hands, the combatants set to.

In the first round, several severe blows were struck, till at length Burk hit Belcher under the right eye, which caused him to stagger, but closing, both came down.

The three following rounds displayed nothing scientific, though several very hard blows were mutually given and received; but, in the fifth round, Belcher, making a feint with his left hand, put in with his right so severe a blow, upon the bridge of Burk's nose, as entirely laid it open, when of course he fell.

In consequence of another blow, which he received on the forehead in the next round, Burk bled so much, that Lee, his second, could scarcely procure sufficient handkerchiefs to keep him clean.

Burk being the stronger man, Belcher *held the Stage*; or, in other words, laid hold of the rails. He missed his first attempt, but at length succeeded in throwing his antagonist very cleanly and violently.

The thirteenth round was fought uncommonly desperate.

At the conclusion of the 16th, Burk, at thirty-one minutes past twelve o'clock, in consequence of one of the severest beatings that ever was experienced, gave in, and Belcher WAS DECLARED VICTOR!

In justice to Burk's gallantry and bottom, we must state, that he refused to give in, and that the yielding word was uttered by his second Harry Lee.

This desperate contest, comprising sixteen rounds, lasted twenty-one minutes, and we never witnessed a man more *punished* than Burk. His face was covered with blood; his forehead extremely cut; and he received many uncommon hard and well put in blows, in various parts of the body. He was attended in a post-chaise to town with the most sedulous care, and, although unsuccessful, yet his spirit, skill, and manly deportment, cannot be too highly praised.

Belcher was very little hurt; and appeared not only elated with the Laurel of Victory, but much pleased with the more substantial gratification of Two Hundred Guineas, the hard and well-earned recompence of the Victor.

Although this battle displayed the height of courage on both sides, yet we by no means think it afforded to the scientific amateur such amusement as has been witnessed between Ward and Mendoza—of the Old School—two of the most skilful and cleanest fighters that ever trod a stage. There were few or *no strait blows*; both Belcher and Burk fought *round*, as it is termed, making, after the first onset, a *hugging fight*; and most men of science thought, that the battle was won by the *superior condition* of Belcher.

After the above battle, the stage was, at twenty minutes after one, occupied by

CALEB BALDWIN,

AND

LEE (a Butcher).

They fought twelve rounds without any material advantage being gained on either side; but in the thirteenth, Caleb put in two blows, and brought the Butcher down.

In the fourteenth round, the Butcher put in the first blow, but was thrown.

In the fifteenth round, the Butcher received a cross buttock. In the sixteenth, Caleb was struck three times, and at length knocked down.

The seventeenth round exhibited a display of skill, strength, and activity, on the part of Caleb, that has perhaps never been equalled. At the commencement of the round, *six* very hard blows were struck, after which Caleb, fastening on the Butcher, and with the assistance of his knees, threw him completely over his head: his back rebounded from the stage with the greatest violence.

The eighteenth round afforded no amusement. Caleb slipped and fell; and, in the nineteenth, the Butcher came down.

The Butcher fought the twentieth round with great skill and courage; but receiving a knock-down blow in the twenty-first round, he was compelled to give in, when Caleb Baldwin WAS DECLARED VICTOR, after a contest of twenty-three minutes, including twenty-one very scientific and desperate fought rounds. In the opinion not only of the amateurs, but of the professional pugilists, the last battle was by far the best,

We cannot conclude this article without mentioning, in the warmest terms of commendation, the very temperate, and, at the same time, firm conduct of Mendoza. Belcher having beat Burk, in the insolence of victory challenged Mendoza, and offered to fight him in a month for three hundred to two hundred guineas;—to which bravado Mendoza calmly replied— that he had relinquished the trade of fighting; that he supported a family of six children by his exertions as landlord of the Lord Nelson public-house, in Whitechapel; that there was only *one* man he would fight, and that was Jackson, who, in consequence of his having behaved unhandsomely and unfairly in their former contest, had aroused Mendoza to satisfaction, if not to vengeance.—He now declares himself "ready to fight Jackson for one hundred guineas down, whenever the latter pleases, provided Jackson promises to stand manly up, and fight fairly, without availing himself of the sinister art of pulling or holding his antagonist by the hair."

The pugilistic exhibition of this day was attended by about two thousand spectators. The bets at setting to were seven to four, and two to one on Belcher; but after the fifth round nobody would take ten to one.

Amongst the amateurs we noticed Lords Say and Sele, Berkeley, Craven, Sir Thomas Apreece, Colonel Montgomery, Mr. Best, Captain Taylor, and many other distinguished admirers of the athletic art.

GENERAL REMARKS BY ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

The fight lasted twenty-one minutes, very little repose being given between the rounds. Burk at first fought with great eagerness, but after the tenth round, he betrayed weakness. Not much science was displayed by either. There was very little betting on the ground, the

the opinion being so strongly in favour of Belcher, that few would back Burk. One gentleman lost two hundred pounds on Burk. Burk was immediately put into a post chaise, and left standing on the ground half an hour, while another fight took place. This was very scandalous on the part of his friends, as the poor man might possibly be dying. Belcher only received one blow on the face, which left any appearance of his being hurt. He returned to town last night. Burk made one unfair attempt during the fight, by attempting to lift up Belcher by the leg, that he might throw him down with the greater force. Burk, however, appeared as game a man as we ever saw; but Belcher, who had fully established his reputation before, has now proved himself the best man in England. He displayed wonderful activity and courage; but not an equal portion of skill—Burk was still less skilful. All the amateurs declared this to be the severest battle that has been fought since the famous combat between Big Ben and Johnson.

It is quite true, that Belcher is not a man of science, according to the rules of the pugilistic art; but he possesses a style peculiarly his own, which baffles all regular science. He is remarkably quick, springs backwards and forwards like lightning; you hear his blows but never see them; at the conclusion of a round his antagonist is beaten and bloody, but you do not see Belcher give a blow. This is indeed a science peculiarly his own. It is one which none of the regular bred artists can meet; it is felt but not seen, and means cannot be devised of mastering it.

Belcher was in high spirits at his victory; declared he never felt a blow during the battle; and that the only inconvenience he has since experienced, was a slight sprain of his right hand.

Among the wit sported upon the occasion, we meet with the following remarks, &c.

Knight, the actor, who was present, remarked, somewhat neatly, that Belcher and Caleb Baldwin, having beaten the two *Butchers*, might justly be termed the *Champions of the Brute Creation!*

Another person observed, that *Old* Caleb, when beating, at Hurley, Lee the Butcher, was in the proper exercise of his *genteel* avocation of *ass-driver*.

Belcher and Burk were uncommanly attentive to the punctuality of time in the commencement of their contest. Hundreds were consequently disappointed; and it was laughable to observe two very eager amateurs arrive at the scene of action—in a chaise and four—just as *Old* Caleb was retiring from the stage, after having *punished* his antagonist!

This, however, was not the most remarkable disappointment; for a very worthy *Traveller* arrived at the *Campus Martius* about two hours after the last battle; when, in the demolition or removal of the *stage*, he saw, what he had frequently before witnessed,—"*Much Ado about Nothing!*"

Another correspondent informs us, that a fellow, who has been much the subject of ridicule in a club in the metropolis, avowed his determination to be even with his adversaries. "If they make me a *butt*," says he, "I'll give them a *puncheon*."

Th

The Life, Adventures, and Opinions, of Col. George Hanger.

[*Continued from page* 21.]

I Should never have thought of mentioning the following circumstance, had not my character, both as an officer and a gentleman, been most grossly aspersed by the infamous Philadelphia and Connecticut Journals on that subject. The following is a correct statement of the whole business—So help me God!

The Commander in Chief, after having given orders to General Prescot to evacuate Rhode-Island, destroy the works, and repair with the troops to New York, was induced, a few days after he had sent those instructions, from certain events that took place, to countermand these orders, and sent me to Rhode Island for that purpose, giving me instructions to examine two particular works; and, if I found them not destroyed, or capable, by a few day's labour, of being put in their former state, General Prescot was by no means to evacuate the Island. I sailed in the Delaware frigate, Captain Mason; and although it is not above an hundred and eighty miles from Sandy Hook, I was seven days on my passage, being forced to work up close under Long-Island, in the very teeth of the wind, as it blew very fresh throughout the whole course of it.

On the seventh day, in the evening, just at dusk, the frigate cast anchor about one mile and an half from the Island, off the mouth of the harbour. On our approach, there were two small armed sloops working out of the harbour; but, on seeing the frigate, they immediately put back. This gave us strong suspicions that they were enemies, and that the Island was evacuated; but, as there were small rivers and creeks on the opposite shore of Connecticut, it was possible that they might come from thence, and not from Rhode Island. I consulted with my friend, Captain Mason, on the occasion, who was clearly of opinion, that, from the length of our passage, we were arrived too late, for that the Island was evacuated. I was of the same sentiment: yet, as there was a chance that it might not be so, as when frigates arrive, they always send their boat in, and the General might not think it necessary to send a boat off from shore till the next morning; I suggested to Captain Mason how very absurd I should appear were I to return to New York, and there find that the troops had not left the Island at the time I had arrived; stating to him, at the same time, the magnitude of the business on which I was employed, and that I should never dare to shew my face before Sir Henry Clinton, if I did not do every thing that depended on myself: I was, therefore, anxious to risk any danger in order to investigate the object of my commission. I accordingly requested him to give me an armed boat, being determined to land in the dark, and gain intelligence.

Captain Mason, in compliance with my earnest solicitation, gave me his ten-oared barge, two marines, a cockswain, and one of his lieutenants; so that we consisted of fifteen persons. I timed it so as to enter the harbour just at the latter end of the flood-tide, so that we might have the tide with us on returning. On my departure from the ship, he told the lieutenant strictly to obey my orders, and to do every thing I commanded. At the same time, being sensible of the

the danger which I encountered, he requested me to act with the utmost prudence and circumspection, for that he would not, for ten thousand guineas, have that boat's crew lost or taken prisoners, as they had attended on his person, as barge-men, during the whole war. The boat was well armed; every man had a musket and bayonet, with cutlass, pistols, &c. &c. and plenty of ammunition. With oars muffled, I approached the harbour in silence, keeping close under the shade thrown on the water by the high craggy rocks on the right; by which, and the darkness of the night, we were so impervious to the view, that a sloop working out of the harbour, absolutely, when she tacked about, was not above one hundred and fifty yards from the boat, and could not perceive us. We lay on our oars till she had completely tacked and stood half way over to the other side, when we proceeded, and brought the boat to shore directly under the High Bluff of Brinton's Point, and not far from the battery. A boat might have passed us within thirty yards, and not have perceived us. I then landed with the two marines only, who had sailor's blue jackets over their red ones, to conceal the red and white uniform, and who were ordered to follow me closely, to proceed when I proceeded, and to lie down flat on the ground when I fell down. We then crawled up the precipice, so as to be able to look just above the summit, and remained some time in that position, to observe and determine how I was to proceed. I heard the centinels challenge every now and then, and cry "*All is well*;" for they were quite on the alert, having observed a man-of-war anchor off the harbour, as I was afterwards informed. At last a patrole from the nearest picket, which, from the fire, I judged was not above three hundred yards from me, passed me so near that I could distinctly hear them speak; and I heard two sentinels challenge the patrole, one on my right, the other on my left. I knew, when the patrole was passed, that I had little to fear, and that I could easily, from the darkness of the night, pass between them. I accordingly ran across the road they went down, and, when over in the next field, which was very rough and bushy, I laid the marines down and sat up myself, in order to set the position of our boat by the seven stars in the north, the pointers of which point to the north polar star, which is immoveable. This every officer, especially of light troops, should be well acquainted with. If I had not known it, I might have been easily taken prisoner in wandering along the cliff in search of the boat on my return.

I then looked about for a house from which I might take some person to gain intelligence, and fixed my eye on two, about a mile distant, as well as I could judge by the lights in them, and quite at a distance from any others. There were several nearer me, but they were too contiguous to the pickets and patroles along the shore, to suit my purpose. With great caution, and always laying down when I heard any thing, I approached them; they were about two hundred yards apart, in the one I saw swo lights, in the other only one; I, therefore, made up to the latter, and laying the two marines down among the cabbages in the garden, I stood about ten yards from the door, at the garden gate, and halloed out—"Holla! house!" when an old woman came to the door, and asked what I wanted, and who I was? I replied, "I am an officer come from town, and am ordered

ordered over to Connecticut * by the General, on business. I have lost my way in the dark, and want to be put into the path † to Brinton's Point: pray send me one to the end of the garden to put me into it." She replied, "One of our family is gone to town, and the other is gone to bed; but if he is not undressed, I will send him to shew you." I had previously determined with my two faithful marines, if I could not entice any one person out of the house, to enter it and take some one away by force; but I dreaded the consequences, knowing, that if resistance was made, we should be obliged to shed blood in our own defence. My stratagem succeeded completely: out came a fine young fellow, as straight and as tall as a poplar tree. The moment I saw him on the steps, I said, "Come along, my good man, just put me into the path to Brinton's Point, and I will give you a dollar."

I retired a few yards from the garden gate, which he passed; and when at a sufficient distance from the house, I took him fast by the coat, and, putting my pistol to his head, told him to look behind him at the two marines, who had their bayonets pointed within two feet of his body. I then charged him not to speak, pledged my honour to him that I would not hurt him; but if he uttered a word, should he hear any soldiers passing, he would be killed, and we must endeavour through the darkness of the night to make our escape. I took him into a rough place close by, and made him sit down by us. I then told him I was a British officer, not an American, and was landed from the frigate, that lay off the harbour, to gain intelligence. I now gave him a half johannes, and repeated my assurance that I would treat him well; but that he must come along with me. His fears at length subsided, and he told me that the day before I arrived the British had evacuated the island, and that an American force of three thousand men now occupied it.

The marines judging with me that the tide of ebb had made, and that the moon would rise in about an hour, we proceeded to the boat, walking alongside of this man, with my hand fast in his right hand jacket pocket: for I knew too well to trust to a New Englandman's promises; had he got a yard start of us, he would have alarmed the whole country.

When I had proceeded within about four hundred yards of the rock from whence I landed, I had the same road to cross again on which I had seen the patrole pass. As we lay down on one side of it, waiting for the passing of a patrole, that I might hear where the sentinels were, my guide endeavoured to betray me, telling me there was no danger if I went up the path: I knew better, and now no longer trusted him; but put it out of his power to do any mischief, by taking my pocket handkerchief and stuffing the greatest part of it into his mouth, that he should not [illegible]rate. At the same time I made one of the marines hold him fast by the left hand, whilst I held him as fast by the right. When the patrole had passed, we crossed the path, and, on arriving at the brink of the precipice, I had, by keeping my eyes constantly on the north stars, set the boat with such precision, that when I holla'd, "*Mason a-hoy!*" I was answered directly beneath where I stood, "*Hanger*

* The name of the opposite shore from Rhode-Island.

† This is the cant term the New England people have for all roads; whether little or great, they call them all paths.

a-hoy!" which were the signal words fixed on before our departure. I got my gentleman into the boat, and rowed out of the harbour; and the moon did not rise before we were quite clear of it. Every thing turned out well; the tide and rising of the moon was well timed, and with no inconsiderable degree of pleasure I arrived on board the Delaware frigate, to the great joy of my friend Captain Mason. Unfortunately it was not possible to land this man on the opposite shore, or to send him back to Rhode Island. Captain Mason therefore proposed putting him the next day on shore on Block Island, a few leagues from Block Island; but the fog proved so thick, that we could not make it with safety. We therefore stood out to sea, and I was compelled to take him with me to New York. On our arrival there, I provided him with quarters, drew provisions for him, and supplied him with necessaries. It was intended that he should be sent by the first flag of truce to Rhode Island, or by the first boat to New London, or some town contiguous to his home in New England; but he had not been six days in New York, when he sickened of the small-pox, and died of that distemper.

The sudden disappearance of this man certainly wore an aspect of suspicion, which gave room to many unpleasant conjectures. The fact, however, being known, that he had been taken away by force off the island, and his never appearing there again, was productive of many reports, all infamously false, and detrimental to my character. In various shapes and forms was this transaction related, both in the Connecticut and Philadelphia newspapers, whose principle was to render odious, in the eyes of the country, any officer who possessed the smallest degree of enterprize or resolution. It was stated first, that this man was murdered on the island; and afterwards, that he was thrown overboard at sea. But, after some time, it being publicly known at New York, that I had necessarily brought him there, and treated him with kindness, a more just account was published; but still it was added, that this man had been thrown into prison, where he died of the jail fever. I have pledged myself solemnly to the fact, and should not have troubled the reader with the minute particulars, was it not absolutely necessary to state them, to justify my character as a soldier and a gentleman.

From my having been absent from New York so many days, indeed above double the time usually required to make that passage, (for the wind was foul nearly the whole way back, as well as going there,) I was given over for lost. Some imagined that the frigate had sailed at night into the harbour and was taken, though such croakers little knew the abilities and judgment of Captain Mason; while others supposed that I had landed and was made prisoner. I arrived, however, to set aside all conjecture, just as Sir Henry Clinton was at dinner with fourteen or fifteen officers at table, none of whom, that I recollect, are living, except my old friend Sir Thomas Wallace, who was one of the company, and is well acquainted with this circumstance.

After relating the whole affair, at table, to Sir Henry Clinton, and receiving his thanks in the kindest manner, I never shall forget, to the last day of my life, a very singular remark of his, nearly in the following words: "I commend your prowess much; but at the same time, I am sorry you risked so much, as it was not in my wish you should venture

so

so far: for, upon my word, my dear Hanger, I believe if they had taken you on the island, they would have hanged you directly." I replied, "My dear General, that never entered into my head, it being a thing totally impossible for the Americans to commit such an outrage on an officer sent by you, in character of an aid-de-camp, with orders to our commanding officer at Rhode Island I could be subjected to no other danger but of being imprisoned; they could not surely be guilty of such an act." "You may," replied the General, "think so, Hanger; but I give you my word I do not, for I know not what they would not do: and I am happy to see you returned safe." At this time my worthy and intimate friend, Major Andre, aid-de-camp to Sir Henry, was sitting at table; the same who suffered some time afterwards, and of whom I shall have cause to speak hereafter.

Nothing of consequence, or of peculiar notoriety in the history of my life, took place, worthy to be related, until the great expedition sailed from New York for the reduction of the Southern Provinces, except various military incidents and occurrences, in which I acted an inferior part, on the great theatre of the war, by no means interesting to the reader, who long ago must have been heartily tired of every thing relative to that subject, and it is very distant from my intention to trouble him with it. A repetition of the Trojan war, in my humble opinion, would be equally amusing.

Before I pass to the southward, and relate my adventures in Georgia, South and North Carolina, I must mention a singular reverse of fortune which I now suffered. The Devil and Mammon had already conspired to ruin me, and had ransacked and plundered my property in my absence, by compelling the sale of my estate at auction, from the fatility of my agent's death at a time when lands were one-third less in value than they were before the war or after. Fortune, that fickle goddess, not satisfied with having already turned her wheel from me and my interests, again destined me to be the object of her caprice and neglect. I received a letter from my sister, Mrs. Vansittart, whose tender love and regard for me is deeply imprinted in my breast, informing me that the Duchess of St. Alban's (my godmother) was dead. She had made a will in my favour, that was witnessed by my mother, in which she made me heir to her whole property, to a very considerable amount. Within the last twelve-months of her death, a Mr. Roberts came over from Ireland. She had never seen him before, or ever heard of him. He, however, proved, to her Grace's satisfaction, that he was related to her; so that she reversed her intentions, made a new will, and left every thing to him. Her second will only bore date six months prior to her death; had she died seven months sooner, I should have inherited a considerable property, and a great addition after the Duke's death, who was then living. The Duchess of St. Alban's was a Miss Roberts, a rich heiress: her parents and her near relations dying when she was very young, my father received her into his family, educated and protected her: out of his family she married the Duke of St Alban's; she stood god-mother to me, and lived in the strictest intimacy and friendship with our family It was but natural to believe that she would have left some part of her property to our family; but thus she in gratitude repaid my father and mother for their

their tender care and attention to her for many years, by leaving her whole property to a gentleman with whom she never had any acquaintance till about a year before her death. With what great expectation some people look forward to dead men's and dead women's shoes: but those who do may go bare-footed all their lives. I never expected a guinea from her, therefore suffered no disappointment; for my mother, although she was one of the witnesses to the Duchess's will, which was made before I sailed for America, never, even in the most distant manner, intimated it to me. As I never had buoyed myself up with any hopes of advantage from her, I suffered no mortification on the occasion, though I could not but reflect on the bitterness of my fortune, that, within six months, my interest should have suffered so materially, having been fixed on by her Grace to be her heir, and had never given her cause to withdraw her former good opinion. But fate had decreed this, together with many other mortifications, miseries and distresses, which I was destined to suffer. Doomed as I was to a life chequered with misfortunes, by a Supreme Power, that same Power gave to me a vigorous constitution, and a bold and undaunted mind, to stem the current of adversity, and bear up against a sea of troubles.

[*To be continued.*]

Hanging a Man a little wrongfully.

SOME years ago, while the old Newgate was standing, Jack Ketch, finding himself dying, sent for the curate of the parish, and thus addressed him.—"Ah Mr. Parson, I've helped many a poor dog out of this world, and I am now going out of it myself; and to tell you the truth, my conscience won't let me alone." "Well, well," replied the Curate, "take comfort, you are not to blame; the men who suffered, had been condemned by the laws of their country, and you were no more than the instrument in the hand of public justice." "Aye, but I am afeard I once hanged a man *a little wrongfully*:—come, I'll tell you all about it."

"One execution morning, when the men that were going to Tyburn, came down into the press-yard, one of them whispers to me, as I passed close by him, Master Ketch, could you do a poor wretch a kind service?—'Twenty good guineas.'—"Are they all weight?" says I to him, 'Aye, that they be,' says he to me, 'not a light guinea among 'em.'—"My heart was sorry for him, so I bid him to follow my directions, and I would see what could be done for him—When you get to the cart, says I, and all the people about it, pop down when I make the sign, and slip under it, and get away among the crowd. But after he had done so, as ill luck would have it, I happen'd to spy among the mob, a journeyman tailor, with a thin white face, and a red night cap on; so I made a dash at him, seized him by the collar, and hoisted him into the cart. 'Tis as true as you sit there; the poor devil lifted up his hands and eyes, and protested his innocence and all that, but I bawled louder than he did, and told the mob he went on at that rate in jail, and never would confess nothing."

"Now Mr. Parson, I'm really afeard I hanged this man *a little wrongfully*."

Anecdotes of the late Dr. Monsey.

[*Continued from page* 13.

MONSEY was a Whig in the most liberal sense of the word, who, while he valued his own opinion, did not wish to enslave, or, rather, ensnare that of another. "He was a friend to limited monarchy and a mixed government, but detested those arts which render religion a mere government machine, to torture and perplex the minds of rational and conscientious men; which deprives them of advantages to which all have a common right, and holds them out to the thoughtless accommodating herd alone, who determine before they are qualified to examine, sacrifice conscience to interest, and sit down infamous and contented."

Among many who admired and respected the Doctor, was the late Dowager Lady Townshend, and she was said, as far as was compatible with being a well-bred woman, which wit sometimes made her forget, greatly to resemble him in conversation. He used to relate a tolerable, or (as you take it) an intolerable, reply she made to the late Lord Bath, at the time he was going to be made a Peer.

"I have a pain in my side," said Mr. Pulteney.—"I don't think you have any side," answered Lady Townshend.—"I have a backside," cried Pulteney, in a pet.—"I don't know that," said the Lady instantly; "but every body knows that your wife has one."

The Patriot had, I believe, married a Miss or Mrs. Gumley, with whom Lord Bolingbroke had an intrigue; and an official note is extant which he penned in a hurry, without a *table*, in the lady's bedchamber, and dated from a *very odd place*.

Lord Bath, though an opposer of the Minister, and very intimate and full of professions to Dr. Monsey, behaved to him like an errant courtier; and in the business of a subscription towards translating the Bible into the language used by the inhabitants of the Isle of Man, acted by no means like a man of such immense property as he possessed.

Sir Robert Walpole knew and valued the worth of his "Norfolk Doctor," as he called him—he knew it, and neglected it.

The prime Minister was fond of billiards, at which his friend very much excelled him.—"How happens it," said Sir Robert, in his social hour, "that nobody will beat me at billiards, or contradict me, but Dr. Monsey."—"They get," said the Doctor, "places—I get a dinner and praise."

The late Duke of Grafton was mean enough to put off paying him for a long attendance on himself and family by promising him a little place at Windsor.

"I take the liberty to call on your Grace to say the place is vacant," said the Chelsea Physician.—"Ecod," (his Grace had not the most harmonious voice, and repeated this *elegant* word in a very peculiar manner)—"Ecod I know it—the Chamberlain has just been here to tell me he promised it to Jack ——."—The disconcerted and never paid Doctor retired; informed the Lord Chamberlain what passed, who said, "Don't, for the world, tell his Grace—but before he knew I had promised it—here is the letter he sent me soliciting for a *third person*."

Though his Grace's head was not overstocked, nature had been bountiful elsewhere, which occasioned his making a remarkable wager. I decline relating it, though *many* guineas were laid on the subject

ject of the bet This, and an unexpected mistake a female acquaintance of his Grace's made, created a hearty laugh.

There was a time when the ingenious Mrs. Montague was intimate with him; so much so, as for many years to receive from him a poetical compliment on her birthday. Whether from his lines at last not having compliment enough, or from his coolness with Garrick, their acquaintance declined: he was always silent on the subject; though, from what I have heard from *another* person, I suspect it was owing to an extreme parsimony which had appeared in this lady's conduct ever since she built the magnificent house in Portman Square, a building certainly in a style of grandeur and expence beyond her fortune, rank in life, and extreme old age*.

Dr. Monsey was always strangely infatuated with fears of the public funds, a bug-bear that drove him to place his money on troublesome securities, and productive ultimately of heavy losses. He used to speak (as losers always do) feelingly of the villainy of a Welch Parson and a London Attorney.

Experience, for which he paid so dear, at last taught him to put as much confidence in *public* as in *private* faith, and he invested property to a considerable amount in the funds.

It was a prevailing opinion that he was avaricious—a charge often bestowed on prudence by the foolish and profuse—if he was so, it was not a principle that pervaded his whole conduct; for I have known him, in two instances, burn a bond for a hundred pounds, which he had advanced to industrious tradesmen, who were able, but would have been distressed to repay it.

A neighbour of the Doctor's, possessed of a large sinecure, used to be fond of ridiculing him in all companies for his meanness and love of money, though the Doctor professed and proved himself a friend on all occasions to him and his wife: he attended them both at different times, for some years, without a fee being thought of or offered; and, on one occasion, at some distance from town, when the Doctor's chaise-hire cost him seven guineas, after some time, this abuser and practiser of sordid actions, sent his friend a ten pound Bank note, which Monsey directly returned, saying, "That the attentions of a *friend* canot be repaid with money;" adding, "if he had sent me a piece of plate worth forty shillings, I should have thought myself obliged to him."

This same *friend*, in another instance, where the payment of rent for an outhouse was to be left to his *generosity*, paid Monsey thirty shillings a year for what a man, who was not his friend, used to pay five guineas per annum.

"Clodius accusat Mæchos."

In advancing sums to assist inferior tradesmen he was ever ready—often with little prospect of seeing the money again.

Not long before his death he advanced a servant retiring from a gentleman's service, a hundred pounds to set him up in business.

The tradesman applied to his master to assist him, a finical delicate woman's man, who trembled at a breeze: he *generously* lent him twenty pounds, which he made him repay in a fortnight. I have heard the performer of this *generous* action exclaim against the Doctor as a miser and a brute.

This "bug with gilded wings," would

* She was not far from seventy when the building began.

would lavish treble the sum on a squeaking eunuch, or new furniture for his phæton, in which he was often afraid to ride.—" Nature certainly at first designed him for a woman," said Monsey, in a surly hour, " but was unwilling to disgrace the sex: to choose a coat, or determine a pattern for his waistcoat, is the sedulous but fatiguing business of a day. I used to ask him if he was settling a jointure for one of his daughters, or debating on the purchase of an estate."

During a prevailing general illness in the Doctor's neighbourhood, all intercourse with this family was interdicted by a very serious letter sent to him. A correspondence by letter was admitted; but even the letter was to pass quarantine for a night and a day, or to be bleached, (as the Doctor used to call it.) If he met them in his post-chaise on the road, the glasses of their coach were carefully and closely shut up, and a waving of hands was the only personal civility that passed between intimate friends for seven months.

" We are afraid of you, Doctor, you come from a sick room," exclaimed the Petit Maitre.—" You often make me sick,'" said Monsey, " but never afraid."

As the Doctor advanced in years, an irregular stop in his pulse gave him much alarm, and he applied to Sir George Baker and Dr. Heberden on the occasion. Of this last gentleman's medical skill he often expressed the highest opinion.

They at first concurred with him in supposing that it arose from some of the great vessels of the heart growing bony, which is said often to happen in old age; but they afterwards altered their opinion when it was discovered that this phænomenon returned only at intervals; observing very justly, that if the cause had been of so local a nature, the effect would have been permanent and regular*.

His health for twenty years before his death had been subject to frequent attacks; his nights restless and uneasy. This, with some heavy pecuniary losses before mentioned, and the ill usage of some of his near neighbours, visibly soured his temper, added suspicion and acrimony to his behaviour and conversation; and his minute attention to economy, which he took no pains to conceal, occasioned his enemies to remark that he grew too fond of a guinea.

Had I pretended to, or been qualified for, a perfect biography, I should, ere now, have observed, that, before he quitted Bury, he married a widow with a handsome jointure, who died and left him one daughter. This lady was married to a gentleman of a reputable mercantile family in the City, and is now a widow with a numerous family.

Dr. Monsey was certainly bound to attend to these children by every tie of tenderness and duty, which he fulfilled perhaps to a fault, and has amply provided for them in addition to their father's fortune.

If his parsimony in many instances degenerated into meanness, if his mode of life was not equal to his fortune, let it be remembered that he was constantly observing the lamentable effects of dissipation; that he had the warmest affection for his daughter, a purse to assist the unfortunate, and an amiable reason for his weakness.—He was often anxious, in his absence from his apartment, for a safe place, in which to deposit his cash and notes; bureaus and strong boxes he was

* On opening his body, this, however, appeared to be the cause; yet his pulse at times being natural, is still not to be accounted for.

conscious had often failed in security. Previous to a journey into Norfolk, during the hot weather in July, he chose the fire place of his sitting-room for his treasury, and placed bank notes and cash in that unusual situation under the cinders and shavings. On his return, after a month's absence, he found his old woman preparing to treat a friend or two with tea, and, by way of showing her respect for her guests, the parlour fire-place was chosen to make the water boil, as she never expected her master till she saw him. The fire had just been lighted, when her master arrived in the critical minute: he rushed, without speaking, to the pump, where luckily a pail of water was, and deluged the whole over the fire, and the half-drowned woman, who was diligently employed in removing it. His money was safe; but the notes, if they had not been wrapped in thick brown paper, would inevitably have been destroyed. Sufficient fragments were preserved to enable the Doctor, with some official difficulty, to get paid at the Bank.

It has been observed, that he whom many disapproved must have some radical defects; and Monsey's not being generally liked at Chelsea, has been adduced in support of the argument. An economist and a reformer of abuses is seldom a popular character. To this another reason may be added.

He came to Chelsea from a circle of friends exalted in rank and family, and in general adorned with useful or polite learning.

He was placed in an Hospital of Invalids, the domestic officers of which, according to the design of the institution, should have been filled by disabled or disbanded officers, a well-earned retreat for the brave and unfortunate.

The Temple at Jerusalem was meant for a house of prayer, but converted into a den of thieves: and the College at Chelsea, which ought to have been devoted to national charity, was over-run by the valets, grooms, or election jobbers, of a Fox*, a Russell, or a Rigby.

By this preposterous misapplication of public rewards, a man, by shaving the Paymaster, brushing his coat, his shoes, or marrying his mistress, became the companion of a General, a Knight of the Bath, a Physician, and a Divine.

To men sprung from the dregs of society, frequently elevated for obsequiousness, folly, or vice, ignorant † and self-conceited, can we wonder that Monsey repaid insolence with satirical invective and contempt?

But real and unassuming merit, in the poorest and lowest situations, he treated with good nature and winning familiarity: the gratitude he experienced from patients of this class he ever spoke of as the most gratifying fee, and was the last man to arrogate adventitious merit from family connection or intellectual excellence.

By way of ridiculing family pride, he used to confess that the first of his ancestors of *any* note was a Baker and a Dealer in Hops, a trade which enabled him with some difficulty to support a large family.

To procure a present sum he had robbed his feather beds of their contents, and supplied the deficiency with unsaleable hops. In a few years a severe blight universally prevailing, hops became very scarce, and enormously dear, the hoarded

* The first Lord Holland.

† "So you are one of the *venal* electors of —— ——," said Monsey. "I never had the disorder in my life," said the Freeman, understanding that he meant *venereal*.

treasure

treasure was ripped out, and a good sum procured for hops which, in a plentiful season, would not have been saleable; "and thus," the Doctor used to add, "our family *hopp'd* from obscurity."

He used to speak highly of the present Duke of Leeds for being divested of this false family pride, and related the origin of the Osborn family from the Duke's own mouth at his table.

"*My* family," said the Duke, "deduces its origin from Jack Osborn, the shop-boy of a pin-maker on London Bridge, in the reign of one of the Henrys. The only daughter of his master fell from a window into the Thames: the lad saw her situation, and rescued her. Some years after the young lady had many noble suitors; but 'Jack won her,' said the old Citizen, 'and he shall wear her.'"

The Doctor, in his visits at the Duke's, occasionally saw the late Marchioness of Carmarthen, and from her attention to her children, and seeing a woman of so exalted a rank making or mending some of the clothes of an infant to which she had been giving suck, he used to foretel she would be an excellent wife: the event proved the Doctor mistaken in his prophecy, as she became too fashionable a one.

May the Marquis in his recent nuptials, derive, as is not unfrequently in life, happiness and peace even from *anguish*, and have no reason to distrust the motto of a noble Lord*.

[*To be continued.*]

* Crede Byron.

A Deep Take In.

A Military Officer was lately arrested in the following manner:—He received a *polite* invitation to dine with an *old friend*, who is an officer in the service of the Sheriff; not suspecting any deceit, he accepted the invitation; after they had dined, and while the bottle was circulating with glee, his *worthy friend* produced a bit of parchment, signed by the *General of the district*, requiring the *hospitable host* to make his house as comfortable as it could be made to Mr. Grant, until a certain sum, specified in the said bit of parchment, was paid. The officer, while narrating the circumstances of this arrest to the Court, seemed to enjoy the privation of liberty which his *friend* had experienced through his means, for he laughed heartily. He was asked by one of the learned Counsel, if he usually behaved so *kind* to his *friends?* He replied, "that he should like to *arrest them all* in the same manner, as it would save him many pounds during the year, in *hunting* after *sly cocks*." The prisoner was discharged

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Ludicrous Innovations in Sign-Painting.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

That this growing violation of taste and preposterous innovation, may be nipped in the bud, I beg you will make these observations as public and conspicuous as possible, and you will oblige, your's, &c. A. B.*

Stambourn, Oct. 13, 1801.

With respect to the art of Painting, or reprsenting upon wood, or upon canvass, in a

* The omission of some of our Correspondents preparatory remarks, upon the symptoms of declension in the Arts and Sciences, though truly judicious and recondite, we hope he will excuse enough being retained to illustrate the humourous instances at present brought forward.

 clear

clear and lively manner, the external appearance of vegetables and animals, the effects of the passions, and the events of history by colours, properly disposed and shaded, it is not only a very curious and ingenious art, but carries with it something of the sublime and wonderful; and those who excel in this art, may justly be said to possess something of a supernatural endowment. This, however, is far from being sufficient, or all that is necessary to form the complete artist in Painting. No, he must rise by slow gradation, through application, frequently and very attentively observing the performances of other artists, the works of nature, the effects of the various passions, and, if he ever attempts the delineation of any particular passage, or event in history, he must first draw the scene in his mind's eye in such a distinct, clear, and lively manner, as though he actually saw it represented by the various agents before his eyes. In short, the painter must proceed in steps similar to those of an author; who first attempts an essay, then a pamphlet, a treatise, a sermon, a history, a tragedy, and lastly, an epic poem.

If it be asked, What were the primary or simple beginnings of painting? the answer must be, a rude and uncouth resemblance of things made with chalk, coal, pencil, or pen; afterwards a genius in drawing a resemblance of such things, attempted the same in colours laid on with a brush, and imitated the likeness of those objects that chanced to strike his fancy and attention.

The first attempt of an artist in painting, is frequently a sign to hang over the door of a publican, and probably those of Raphael and Guido were much of the same kind. But be that as it may, modern painters often begin with these rude sketches. I shall, therefore, look on sign-painting as a necessary lesson and exercise for the young student, and a powerful stimulus in calling forth the abilities of those who are ambitious of making some public exhibition of their art.

This being the case, I must lament that the long-established custom of hanging, or placing painted signs at the doors of public-houses, is going out of fashion; and if not put a stop to will probably, in a few years, be entirely disused. In this neighbourhood, instead of the Black Horse, the White Hart, the Swan, the Bell, the Lamb, the Rose, the Vine, &c. which formerly hung decently painted at the doors of the respective public-houses, it is now common to see a bit of blackened board, dangling over them, with a few letters, which some mis-name *golden letters*; that is, letters painted in a turgid yellow, which are, properly speaking, of no colour whatever; and those muddy scrawls and ridiculous flourishes are to inform the public, that it is the Black Horse, the White Hart, &c. &c.

About seven years ago, as I entered a neighbouring market town, my eyes were agreeably entertained with the sign of the Lion, as fine a savage as a man could desire to see. But the fine and lordly animal, though inanimate, like all other things has felt the effects of time; and, through a constant exposure to the various seasons of heat and cold, wind and rain, his beauty vanished, his substance weakened and decayed, and he fell; and with him poor old Boniface, at whose expence he was put up, and in whom his soul delighted. It was a stormy March, the wind roared through the house, the Lion made rapid and violent motions to and fro—at length down he fell. Old Boniface heard the fall, held up his

his head, and lo, the old Lion lay in shattered fragments about the street. "Alas," he exclaimed, lifting the glass to his mouth, to add one more thimbleful to the ocean within, "I knew the poor beast was almost worn out, but did not think his fall so near. Well! we shall all drop one after another. My fall is not far off." He sighed, took down the contents of the glass, and died within an hour after.

Old Boniface was succeeded by one who was too wise and knowing to have common sense; he was what many people call a prudent man; that is, a man too sparing in expences ever to give the least encouragement to any man; one whose whole attention and every action is constantly influenced by motives of self-interest; who submits to drudgery, and any kind of meanness, to save a shilling, but will not suffer the industriously inclined to earn a penny in any thing but in cases of absolute necessity.

This man, I say, was too wise to possess common sense: he was incapable of perceiving the difference between the substance and its shadow, and thought it the same thing to hear or read a tale, as to behold with the eyes the real object, the event, or matter of fact. This over-wise and hyper-prudent mortal, to spare expence, and show his own taste and judgment, hung up a bit of board, with these words, THE OLD LION.

His wife remonstrated and said, "My dear, this will never do. Every body will say, as how, 'tis done to spare charge, and will never believe that the man who has not a heart to put up a good and handsome sign at his door, will ever have the heart to keep good beer in his cellar. Pray, my dear, do employ Daddy G——, as they call him, to paint the Lion handsomely. He has a nice finger at mixing colours and a charming hand at the brush. Every body says, as how, he has painted the King's Head, at G——l, most delightfully and beautifully, and the house has been full of company ever since."

"I tell you," replied he, "that you, my dear, labour under a great mistake, and err very grossly; for a man of any taste cannot bear to look at that sign; it is hediously done; the coat is of such a glaring red, that it makes the strongest eyes water to look at it. Besides, the colour wont stand, for though it has hung up not more than three months, yet the coat wants turning already. Then only think, my dear, what your fine fellow of a painter did at F—-street, where he painted the Serjeant's Head so abominably, that several poor women miscarried soon after it was put up; and those who went their full time, brought children that were cross-eyed, and wry-necked, which was entirely owing solely to his fine painting."

"'Tis all falsehood and scandal," returned the wife, "invented and spread about by an old woman, who pretends to know every thing, and who will always assign some cause for every mark or defect that any child carry about. However, you know he altered it, and made it one of the finest and boldest heads in all the world, nor did he charge a penny for the trouble he took."

All the arguments and remonstrances of the landlady were unavailable; Spare-charge and Half-wit persisted in it, that the letters were as good as the best painting could be, and swore, that he would be damned ere he would give two guineas for a daubing to hang over the door. So the OLD LION is still to be seen in letters. Was ever

ever any thing so preposterous! THE OLD LION.

Should this absurd innovation, gentlemen, come into general practice, what the wiser or more knowing will the generality of men be from the written characters or names of signs? Mr. Lock, in his learned Treatise on the Human Understanding, very justly observes, that our knowledge is acquired by the senses, and that without their use, men can come to the knowledge of but very few things; and says, "that it is impossible for any man to conceive any just ideas of the scent and flavour of the pine-apple, from any arrangement of words or definitions whatever; but that a man must first smell and taste that rare and delicious fruit, before he can arrive at any clear and just ideas about it."

In a word, it must appear evident to every thinking man, that some ideas cannot be imparted to others by words, definitions, or comparisons, but by representation; and that there are other kinds of ideas that cannot be imparted but by words, or something similar and equivalent to them. I shall, therefore, trouble you no farther about words and ideas, but proceed to notice one more instance of the preposterous innovation (which is daily gaining ground and growing into fashion), of giving letters in the place of paintings; that is, the names of things instead of their representation.

A little farther up the street, on the opposite side to the Old Lion, was the Fox and Dogs. This was a pleasing object to behold—the most beautiful sign I ever cast my eyes upon. Even my horse was wont to take much delight in it, and would never willingly pass by it, without stopping to pay it that respect it so justly merited, and as it were demanded; for beauty is ever very attractive. The Fox was making one of his artful turnings, and appeared to be weighing in his subtle brain, the most adviseable ways and means to preserve his carcase, by cheating, and out-witting, the keen-scented pack, which seemed to be in motion after him. The horses and their riders were making their appearance behind, all in health and fine spirits, snuffing as it were the salubrious gales; and something pleasingly joyous and delightful was diffused over the whole group. Oh, it was a pleasing goodly sign—but it is gone; and a bit of board hangs dangling in its place, with these words—

THE FOX AND DOGS!!!

CONFLICT BETWEEN A WILD BUCK AND A NEGRO-MAN.

LETTERS from Savannah, in South-Carolina, inform us, that on the 21st of July last, a negro man, on his way to Ogechee, observed a large buck, some distance a-head, running towards him. The negro stepped into the bushes, and picking up a lightwood knot, threw it at him as he passed. The deer jumped into the ditch on the opposite side, and coursing along it the negro pursued him, when the deer springing out made signal of battle. The negro, a second Sampson was not disposed to fly, whereupon a most terrible conflict ensued. The negro, almost exhausted, called aloud for assistance; but none coming to his aid, he, like the Jewish hero before-mentioned, summed up his remaining strength, and seizing the buck by the lower jaw and one horn, with an Herculean jerk, he snapped his neck in twain. The negro is much injured. His name is Adam, and he belongs to Messrs. Denis and Williams.

Inquiry into the Ancient Greek Game:

Invented by Palamedes, antecedent to the siege of Troy; its improvements in China, India, &c. &c.

THE author of this elaborate inquiry, supposed to be Mr. Christie, jun. of Pall Mall, commences his research by enquiring, in his first chapter, concerning the Πεττεια, *the game of Merril.—and whether the* Πεττεια *were invented by* Palamedes?

As to the Petteia itself, the first object is to supply such other information concerning it as Julius Pollux and Dr. Hyde have imperfectly given, for the purpose of rendering it more clearly understood. Beginning with Saumaise, his erroneous and inconsistent statement of the game is evinced, the equally contradictory and inconclusive remarks of Meursius, Souter, Bulenger, and Casaubon, are noticed; and, after pointing out an error into which even Dr. Hyde hath been led by the first of these authorities, we are brought to what the author offers from himself.

" We learn from Polybius, that the πεττεια was a game of which the merit consisted in cutting off, and inclosing, or blocking up.

" This is fully expressed in the following words:—' For cutting off many of them by detachments, and, like a skilful player at the Πεττεια, inclosing, or blocking them up, he, without a battle, destroyed them.'

" I think we need not hesitate to believe, therefore, that it was a game of circumvention; and, in this one respect, like the game called Πλινθιον, in which the object was to inclose, or circumvent, any one piece by two of the other party. This was effected in the Πλινθιον by the throw of a dice, and in the Πεττεια by skill in moving.

" We find that when a piece was put to its shifts, it was compelled to move from the line or mark in the centre of the board:—' I will move my pebble from the sacred,' says Suidas; and adds, ' And this is said of those who adopt a measure (like this move in the Πεττεια) as their last resource.' Not that any auxiliary attack was made, by this move from the sacred, to rescue any piece in distress, but that danger was avoided by moving from the sacred, and as it were ' out of check.'—' Ad periculum evitandum, potius quàm injuriam inferendam.'—P. 7.

" The manner of thus throwing the piece into difficulty, may be learnt from Eustathius, who says, ' Since the player who had the worst of it was forced into a middle station between the piece attacking and the sacred mark, which was (εσχατην), an extreme boundary beyond it.'—P. 8.

" Nor can' (it is observed in p. 9.) be understood of the piece being forced *upon* the *sacred*, but being driven up to it."—After obviating objections that might be alledged against this position, the author proceeds to supply the want of the board of Palmedes formerly exhibited at Troy and at Argos; but for this we must refer to the plate, from not possessing which, we regret that his exemplifications of the game must here be suppressed, since, with what is already given, they will account for every thing relating to the Petteia, excepting what respects the ἱερα γραμμη, which is represented by the author as a square in the centre of a board consisting of sixteen squares. Its extension somewhat every way from the central point, he conceives requisite to show its obtrusive power upon any pebble that might be forced

forced by an enemy upon the near-est station to it; and that it was a square he infers from a similiarity which the board of the Petteia bears to another game, composed of a like number of stations, though differently disposed, in the centre of which such a square existed. The game here alluded to is that of Merrils, well known to the shepherds in our midland counties, the lines of which are often seen cut in turf on sheep-walks, and is stiled by Shakespeare, The Nine-men's Morrice. This game, our author has no doubt, was originally played by the shepherds of the western parts of Asia, and thence made known by the Celts over all the north of Europe. It has afforded to Mr. Tresham, the subject for a well-conceived vignette, though the lines of the diagram are out of perspective.

The game of Merrils, known to the Greeks by the name of *Τριοδιον*, is conjectured to have been more ancient than the *Πεττεια*, and probably the parent of it; inasmuch as depositing the pebbles alternately must have been more ancient than moving them.

"Dr. Hyde observes, that the oriental name for this central square upon the board of Merrils is, zindân, carcer: Anglice, 'the pound,' —'quasi pecorum carcer.'—And indeed it is very probable, that it was originally intended to represent something of this kind. For as the Eastern shepherds amused themselves by playing with the pebbles whilst they watched their folds, they might afterwards have introduced the figure of the fold itself, as an ornament to the board. This had likewise its use, the pebbles being probably first deposited there, and taken from it, as occasion required, in the course of the game.

"And here I think I observe the origin of the sacred mark; for, as I have no doubt of the *Πεττεια* having taken its rise from this simple game, the sheep-fold was retained in the centre of the board of the *Πεττεια* also, and stiled by the Greeks, the sheep-fold. But in process of time we find this word accepted in a very different sense. And it came first to signify the square inclosure or railing, within which the images of the gods were placed; and, at last, the temple itself. And thus, from want of discriminating between the ancient and modern sense of the word *σηκος*, the spade in the centre of the board was called 'the sacred;' and because it covered the central station, or point of intersection.

"Sophocles, it is true, declares that Palamedes invented the *Πεττεια* as a diversion in the time of a famine; but as he attributes the joint invention of the *Πεττεια* and dice to him, which last, as Dr. Hyde proves, were only known at a much later date, this authority is not to be deemed sufficient proof.

"The other tragic writer I allude to (Euripides) has raised a doubt in the mind of Dr. Hyde respecting a passage in the chorus to the first act of the Iphigenia in Aulis. But I do not conceive there can be much difficulty in ascertaining the real meaning of the Greek poet. Thus far, I think, may be concluded from the passage, that Palamedes was not the inventor. For we find Ajax Oïleus, Ajax Telamon, and Protesilaus, playing at the *Πεττεια*; whilst Palamedes, who would be imagined to be particularly interested by the game had he been its inventor, is described as casting the discuss with Diomedes. And as this was during the time that the fleet lay windbound at Aulis, before they had arrived off Troy, this must fix the date earlier than those authors have done, who attribute the in-

vention

vention to Palamedes, during the siege.

But, further, it is a singular circumstance that the poet does not represent the game as being played by two, but by three players.

"Here we must either consider it as a tripartite game, which we cannot easily reconcile, or that two played against the third person; or that one of the three was merely a looker on. And I see no reason why the game played by the Grecian leaders should not have been the Πεττεια, as I have described it, which in itself appears to have been a military game; more particularly as no other played with pebbles could have existed at this early period but the Πεττεια, or the ruder game of Merrils; every other of the kind requiring the use of dice, and these, as Dr. Hyde has shewn, were not yet invented."—P. 14.

The second chapter is assigned to the Ludus Latrunculorum; and as of this game an account has been transmitted in some ancient verses (whether truly or not) to Lucan or Ovid, these are the grounds on which it is traced, and thence inferred as certain, that "as no mention is made in them of dice, the allusion could be to no ancient game but the Πεττεια." How far this conclusion be strictly logical, we will candidly submit to the author's reflexion. The discussions of this chapter comprise some very ingenious remarks on a passage of Plautus in Pœnulo, and others from Ovid, in which not only Dr. Hyde is corrected, but the Πεττεια, in its roman form, is exemplified with success; as is also the Alveus, in chapter the third.

In the fourth chapter, the subject of which is the Πλινθιον, its origin is thus traced:

"The ancient game which took its rise from the Merrils, upon the first adoption of the moves, assumed a military appearance; instead of the sports of shepherd boys near their fold, it now appeared to represent their quarrels, which ended in declared hostilities. The parties separated from each other; proper territories were assigned to each; and what before was considered as a sheep-fold, was converted into a mound or barrier against their mutual incursions."—P. 32.

Under this form the *Petteia* had now arrived at its perfect state; we have since seen it declining in the Ludus Latrunculorum; but its downfall seems to have been completed by the application of the mischievous invention of dice to this game: a system of warfare was not to be carried on by chance; and accordingly we find, that when skill was nearly excluded, the game lost much of its military appearance, and began to relapse into its pastoral state.

"From hence arose a mixed game, called *Plinthion*, constructed by the orientals upon the foundation of the *Petteia*, which, from the moves in playing it being directed by the cast of the die, resembled rather the wagers of shepherds than the stratagems of war; notwithstanding which, the object in playing the game, and even (as may appear upon minute investigation,) the very construction of the board and disposition of the pieces shew it to have been but a perversion of the military *Petteia*, whilst the terms respecting it were purely pastoral."—P. 32.

In a learned disquisition, subjoined as a note, the date of this game is assigned to about six hundred years before the Christian epoch. Continuing his investigations, the author proceeds to discuss with great acuteness the object of the game, the form of the board, and the disposition of the men upon it, for the purpose of identifying

identifying the two games of the *Plenthion* and *Petteia*; and in these, whilst correcting the positions of Hyde, he displays an equal portion of ingenuity and erudition.

We are brought, in the next division of the subject, to consider the ἱερα γραμμη as a *vallum* or *mound*, and thence led to the Scythian origin of the *Petteia*. Taking the change of manners in nations for the clue to the variations of idiom in language, he passes on from the *sheep-fold* to the *central mound*, or boundary, which, being rendered (as by the Jewish law—*Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's land-mark) inviolable*, was thence considered sacred, and in the East made the site of temples. (See Halhed's Gentoo Laws, p. 181.)—Hence,

"—as the *Petteia* was originally borrowed from the Oriental Nomades, the transition from the sheep-fold to the temple and mound is but a natural train of consequences, easily to be explained by the manners of the pastoral people, which this game kept pace with, and was ever intended to represent.

"These mounds became, in course of time, objects of defence for whole provinces, which gladly embraced the security they afforded against the incursions of the pastoral tribes. De Pauw has given an account of more than twenty great mounds erected for such purposes in Egypt, Cœlo-Syria, Palestine, Asia Minor, Media, Tartary, China, Russia, Greece and the Peloponnesus, Bulgaria, Switzerland, Britain, Germany; besides the countries round Bochara and Samarcand, which were fortified by walls; in all which instances we may observe this mode of defence prevailing at a very early period in different parts of the world, widely distant from each other; but more particularly in countries lying towards the northern and middle parts of Asia; and these were peopled by that numerous race, the Scythian Nomades, from whom the Tartars are descended: it is no wonder, therefore, that so striking a circumstance as the vallum should have had a place in a game which was designed more particularly to represent the manners and way of life of this wandering people."—P. 49.

The sixth chapter, introducing a new view of the subject, as it respects the Chinese, Indian, Persian, and European chess, begins with the *Petteia*, as known to the Chinese. This game, in its perfect state, was, as our author has shown, distinguished by some leading particulars, which prevailed more or less in every game derived from it. These were—the pentad of pebbles with which the game was played—the stations and moves, which were upon lines, and not on squares, as in the modern European games—the central mark or boundary,—and the object of circumvention, which was forwarded by that mark, either when the piece attacked was obliged to retire, or where there were no means of escaping, by which the game was finished as if by blockade. Such were the characteristics of the Greek game. The *Petteia* of China had already assumed the military appearance, and that, perhaps, from its first introduction; the pebbles being termed ping, or soldiers, of which either party had five. These, as in the Greek game, were stationed and moved upon lines; and the central mark, or boundary, extended so as to touch the sides of the board, was styled the kià-hô, or dividing river, under which name the middle line of the *grammai* is concealed. Having pointed out in further details the similarity

similarity between the Chinese and Greek Games as to form, our author proceeds to develope their connexion, from an examination of their object and design.

"The former represents the combat of two hostile armies across a river; which, as Dr. Hyde remarks, may be imagined to be that celebrated river, the largest in all China, known by the name of the Yellow River, from the colour of its waters, which separates that country from India, Thibet, and Tartary on the west; and which, returning, crosses the great wall in an oblique line, and, proceeding forwards, divides the whole empire into two parts.

"This is not very far from the purpose of the Greek game, in which two hostile armies are engaged across a central mound or boundary. Now the Yellow River was in fact a boundary; and, considering it as such, we shall be able to collect the history of the game, and the source from which it was communicated to the Chinese.

"According to the most approved opinion, Shensi, and the northern parts of China, were first peopled by an outcast race of Hindus. These settlers extended themselves southward, as far as the Hoangho, whilst the provinces below that river were, at that time, but thinly peopled by straggling Tartars, who first opposed by arms, and afterwards coalesced with the Indian strangers, till in the end they were united as one people.— Thus, however, the Kià-hô represented the original boundary between the territories of the two.

"The ping and ço (the adverse pawns) were Chinese and Tartars; and their former antipathy to each other may have laid a very probable foundation for the subject of the game. It would be no unreasonable conjecture to suppose that the *Petteia* had long been known among the Tartar tribes; that the Chinese who learnt it from them afterwards received the Indian improvements; and whilst their prejudices prevented them from rejecting the pastoral game, the acknowledged ingenuity of the newly invented pieces induced them by common consent to admit them, and blend them with it."—P. 59.

Pursuing the details of the foregoing chapter, we are brought to a very interesting part of this elaborate research, which traces the origin of the king and pieces from the sacred square, the inviolability of the king, he never being taken at chess, and the operations of checking and check-mate thence resulting. Having thus established the analogy sought for between the Greek Petteia and the chess of the Chinese, who assert that they received this game from India, (and it is certain that the connexion between the inviolable person and the sacred square, exists on the board of the Persian resident in India) the correspondence found between the Chinese and Indian chess is adduced in conformation of the fact. The author's disquisition on the pieces is extended into the eighth chapter, which displaying a great variety of well applied learning, thus terminates:

"But to return to the subject of the elevation of the pebbles. I am sensible that all I have asserted on this head would be of no avail towards establishing the origin of the game of Chess from the Greek Petteia, unless I could adduce some general and striking similitude that had lasted down to the present day. By my hypothesis of the elevation of the pebbles, and the endowing them with the characters of pieces, I obtain only five elevated pebbles, because the Petteia

 of

of the Greeks consisted but of five stations, and consequently could admit no more.

"But I contend that this same number is preserved to the present day upon the board of the European chess. If the ψηφοι of the *Petteia* were but five, the pieces in the Persian and European chess are no more. Their names are—

"1. The shâh. 2. The pherz. 3. The phil. 4. The asp. 5. The ruch.

"Or, as we express them,

"1. The King. 2. Queen. 3. Bishop. 4. Knight. And, 5. Rook.

"The rest are but duplicates of the three last-mentioned."—P. 72.

From this deduction our author reverts, in the ninth chapter, to the Indian game of chess; and having shown that, by doubling the pebbles, an agreement is established between the Chinese chess and the Indian, he infers, with the highest probability, that the invention of the latter was not, as Sir W. Jones contends, "by the first intention." Whence it is natural to infer a progress from the simple to the more complex form, though changes or intermediate games. This chapter is singularly curious and erudite, as is also the following, which concludes the inquiry with a statement of the Hindu claims to the invention of chess, Phirdausi's account of the same, discussions relative to the Indo-Scythians, and the communication, through their means, between India and Europe. We have, in the preceding article, endeavoured to give as succinct an account as possible of this singular treatise, in which, if we have failed in perspicuity, some allowance is to be claimed from the nature of the subject, and also from want of being able to exhibit the plates, whence frequent instructions might be brought.

New Mode of Shooting and Fishing.

Colonel Thornton has introduced among the Northern sportsmen, a new mode of shooting game and deer with air-rifles. From the success which has attended this innovation, it is likely to become general in practice.

A few days ago a bet was decided at Thornville-Royal, that Colonel Thornton would not kill as many head of game by his mode of shooting, as a gentleman of the neighbourhood, who is reckoned a very good shot, with a double-barrelled gun.

A great number of sporting men, interested in the event, met on the occasion, and Colonel Thornton won his match. Many woodcocks were killed in the course of the day. Notwithstanding the mildness of the season, these birds are numerous in that part of the country.

A circumstance happened at the same place the day after, which shews that of all species of sport, fishing requires least teaching; all the company set out for woodcock and pheasant shooting, except a foreign gentleman, who, being rather advanced in years, did not feel himself sufficiently active to make one of the party; accordingly, he requested that he might be left at home, where he proposed to amuse himself with fishing, for the first time in his life.

A few general directions were given him, and he was left by his friends to try his maiden effort, with very little hopes of success.

On their return, however, they found, with astonishment, that in the course of a few hours, he had killed a jack of three pounds, a perch of the same size, and a pike of near twenty pounds.

JOHN

John Law, the Financier.— Ludicrous Anecdotes of French Gamesters, &c.

THIS once celebrated personage, since the happy arrival of General Laureston in this country, has once more become an object of curiosity. His history is instructive; yet little is to be found, relating to him, in our Biographical Dictionaries.

Law was the son of an advocate at Edinburgh, and born in 1688. In London, he became enamoured of the sister of a lord, whose name I cannot discover. This lord, not approving of her marriage with an adventurer, challenged Law, and fell in the duel. Law immediately escaped into Holland, and was tried, convicted, and outlawed in England. Perhaps it was in Holland he acquired that turn of mind which pleases itself with immense calculations; he became an adept in the mysteries of exchanges and re-exchanges. From thence he proceeded to Venice and other cities, studying the nature of their banks. In 1709, he was at Paris the same speculative genius he had hitherto been.

At the close of the reign of Louis XIV. the French finances were in great disorder; and, having obtained an audience of that monarch, the bankrupt king was much delighted by his projects. Law offered to pay the national debt, by establishing a company, whose paper was to be received with all possible confidence, and who were to make immense profits by their commercial transactions. The minister, Desmarest, to get rid of Law, threatened him, by one of his emissaries, with the Bastile. Law quitted Paris, and was a wanderer through Italy. He addressed himself to the King of Sardinia, who refused our adventurer's assistance, declaring that he was not powerful enough to ruin himself!

At the death of Louis XIV. the Duke of Orleans was regent. Law ventured again to Paris, and found the regent more docile. The duke, indeed, was placed in a most trying situation: the finances were all confusion, and no hope was offered by any one to settle them. The duke lent his ear at first reluctantly to Law, convinced what consequences must follow such ideal wealth as that in which our adventurer dealt. In despair, the numerical quack was called in to relieve, by his powerful remedy, the disorder which no one would attempt to cure.

Law commenced with a most brilliant perspective. He established his bank, was chosen director of the East-India Company, and soon gave his scheme that vital credit which produced real specie; for, in that distracted time, every one buried or otherwise concealed his valuables; but, when the illusion of Law began to operate, every coffer was opened, while the proprietors of estates preferred his *paper* to the possession of their *lands*. All Europe seemed delighted; Law acquired millions in a morning; and even the regent himself was duped, and felicitated himself on his possession of so great an alchymist.

Law was honoured with nobility, and created Count of Tankerville: as for marquisates, he purchased them at his will. Edinburgh, his native city, humbly presented him with her freedom, in which appear these remarkable expressions:—"The corporation of Edinburgh presents its freedom to John Law, Count of Tankerville, &c. &c. &c. a most accomplished gentleman; the first of all bankers in Europe; the fortunate inventor of sources of commerce in all parts of the remote world;

world; and who has so well deserved of his nation."—From a Scotchman (says Voltaire) he became, by naturalization, a Frenchman; from a Protestant, a Catholic; from an adventurer, a prince; and from a banker, a minister of state.

While Law was undergoing these metamorphoses himself, he was performing the same droll exhibition in all kinds of individuals. Fortunes were made in a month, and stock-jobbing was seen even in the narrowest alleys at Paris. Singular anecdotes are recorded of those days.—A coachman gave warning to his master, who begged at least that he would provide him with another as good as himself.—Whip replied, "I have hired two this morning: take your choice, and I will have the other."—A footman also set up his chariot; but, going to it, he got up behind, till he was reminded by his own servant of his mistake.—An old beggar, who had a remarkable hunch on his back, haunted the *Rue Quincampoix*, which was the crowded resort of all stock-jobbers: he acquired a good fortune, by lending it out for five minutes as a desk.

Law himself was adored: the proudest courtiers were humble reptiles before this mighty man; dukes and duchesses patiently waited in his anti-chamber; and Mrs. Law, a haughty beauty, when a duchess was announced, exclaimed "Still more duchesses! There is no animal so tiresome as a duchess!"

In the curious Memoirs of the Duchess of Orleans, a singular fact is recorded:—One morning, when Law was surrounded by a body of princesses, he was going to retire. They enquired the occasion: he gave one, on which they ought to have been silent; but, on the contrary, they said, "Oh! if it is nothing but that, let them bring here a *chaise percée* for Mr. Law!"—When the young king was at play, and the stakes were too high even for his Majesty, he refused to cover them all; young Law (the son of our adventurer) cried out, "If his Majesty will not cover, I will." The king's governor frowned on the boy of millions, who, perceiving his error, threw himself at the king's feet.

The infatuation ran through all classes, and even the French Academy solicited for the honour of Law becoming their associate; the only *calculator* they ever admitted into their body.

But at length the evil hour looked darker and darker; the immense machine became so complicated, that even the head of Law began to turn with its rapid revolutions. In 1719, he created credit; but in May, 1720, uncounted millions disappeared in air. Nothing was seen but paper and bankruptcy every where. Law was considered as the sole origin of the public misfortune; no one taxed his own credulity: they broke his carriages, destroyed his houses, and sought the arithmetician to tear him to pieces. He escaped from Paris in disguise, and long wandered in Europe incognito. After some years, he found a hiding-place in Venice, where he lived, poor, obscure, yet still calculating. Montesquieu, who saw him there, says, "He is still the same man; his mind ever busied in financial schemes, his head is full of figures, of agios, and of banks. His fortune is very small, yet he loves to game high." Indeed, of all his more than princely revenues, he only saved, as a wreck, a large white diamond, which, when he had no money, he used to pawn.

Voltaire saw his widow at Brussels. She was then as humiliated, as miserable, and as obscure, as she

she was triumphant and haughty at Paris—Such revolutions are not the least useful objects in history.

SPORTING *with* ABRAHAM NEWLAND'S SLANG, *&c.*

The following are the particulars of the Trial of GEORGE FEARNS, at the last Stafford Assizes, for Forgery.

IN consequence of intelligence received by the Bank of England relative to Fearns, they sent directions to their agents, in Manchester, to lay some plan for the detection of the prisoner in the uttering of forged Bank-notes. Instructions were in consequence given to Mr. Nadin, a constable of Manchester; and on the 1st of October Mr. Nadin, accompanied by Marshal Knowles, another constable of Manchester, went to the house of Fearns, known by the name of the Bottom Public-house, four or five miles from Leek: it was near eleven at night when they arrived there; Nadin, under the name of W. Oliver, and Knowles, by his christian name of Marshal, disguised as hawking pedlars. As a confirmation of that being their business, they had with them a quantity of muslins, prints, &c. with a one-horse chaise or cart. Fearns himself attended them, and the only observation Nadin thought proper to make to the prisoner, was, "it is bad times, and a man has *fow* work to live honestly." In the morning (at an early breakfast, of which Fearns partook) Nadin ordered some rum and milk, and justly supposing that a man who was guilty of one species of villainy would not be very scrupulous, if opportunity offered, of committing another, found fault with the rum, and asked where he bought it? Fearns replied, of a man at Manchester. Nadin said, he dealt in that article, and could help him to some very cheap. Fearns said, "I suppose you are a smuggler; but how low can you afford it?" The other answered, "at six, and six and sixpence a gallon." Fearns immediately ordered any quantity; but asked how he could manage to send it, without the Exciseman knowing it? Nadin informed him, that he could put a cask of twenty or twenty-one gallons into a barrel of American flour, put flour round it, and send it as flour. Fearns said, that was a good plan.

Nadin and Knowles now shewed their goods to Fearns, asking a price not a fourth part of their value; and Nadin said to Knowles, "Marshal, when did that man say he would send the *swag?*" [For an explanation of the cant terms, see the end of this account.] On which Fearns said, he supposed they were *spoke to*, (pointing to the goods) which Nadin said was the case.—During the conversation, relative to these goods, Nadin put down a forged Halifax one guinea note. Fearns said, he could not change it. Nadin told him, he did not want it changed; he wanted him to look at it, and say if it was not well done. Prisoner said, he saw it was a forged one, and thought it was badly done.

Nadin then asked Knowles, where the *screeves* were? On his using this cant term, he observed Fearns's countenance to change; he had looked rather gloomy before, but now he appeared quite *licksome*. Fearns said, the screeve business was very good two or three years ago, but one Jackson had quite spoiled it. Nadin asked where Jackson was? Fearns replied, "he is *gone out of the country*, about some heifers."

Nadin now shewed him some forged Bank of England notes.—[These,

[These, he informed the C urt, he had from a person who was sentenced to transportation, at Chester assizes, for having them in his possession.]—Fearns said, these were very badly executed. Nadin said, he thought he had never seen any that were better done; he had *smashed* several, and had no doubt that he should *smash* a great many more. Fearns asked where he got them? Nadin said, he had them from one Ben Baker, but he was at a loss how to get any more, as Baker was run away. Fearns asked, what he gave for the one-pound *screeves?* Nadin replied, "7s. 6d. and 14s. for the two-pounds" Fearns said, "that is the price I gave for them; but you must not offer to *smash* in Leek, or Congleton, for, if you do, you will be *leg'd* directly." Nadin said, he had *smashed* one at the Bull, in Congleton. Fearns said, "it is wonderful you was not *leg'd!* a man was taken up there a little time ago, who is now in Chester gaol, and has been *snitching* about me; and the constables and cavalry from Leek have been and searched my house, and several other houses about here, that deal in the *screeve* way." Nadin asked him, how he knew the man had *snitched* him? He said, the man had wrote some letters to his friends at Walsal, which were directed to be left at his house; and, when he saw the Chester post-mark on them, he guessed who they were from, and so opened them.

Prisoner then asked Nadin, if he ever dealt in five-pound or ten-pound *screeves?* Nadin said, he never saw any; he wished he could get some, and then he would go to Ireland and buy salt beef and pork, and could pass any quantity there. Fearns said, he did not mind if he went with them.

Knowles, who had just before left the room, came in, and said there was a man at the door, who he thought came from Manchester; on which Nadin said, "you must not let any body in here; these goods are all *spoke to*, and if any body sees them and me, I shall be taken up." Fearns said, he might be quiet there; and added, "I will shew you a five-pound *screeve* before you go."

He then went out to the person, who was a liquor merchant, and in about an hour after returned to Nadin and Knowles, and brought with him a 5l. and 1l. note, saying. "These *are* articles! Look at mine, and look at your's!" Nadin said, he never saw a 5l. *screeve* before, and asked what he should give for it? Fearns replied, he gave a guinea and a half for it; and being again called out, twitched the note from Nadin, put it into his coat pocket, and went out of the room. After he had stopped some time, Nadin began to think he would not sell any of the notes; he therefore directed Knowles, under the pretence of going for a *smag*, to fetch the constables from Leek, that Fearns might be apprehended under the late act of Parliament, for having the notes in his possession: but after Fearns had been absent an hour, or more, he again returned, and holding two notes in his hand, Nadin offered him three guineas for them, supposing they were two 5l. notes; on which Fearns looked earnestly at him, and said, "Aye, man! but one is a 10l. *screeve!*" Nadin then agreed with him for the 10l. note at three guineas, the 5l. one at one guinea and a half, and a 1l. note at half a guinea: he then put his hand into an inside waistcoat pocket, and pulling out a canvas bag, took from it a 5l. and a 1l. note, which Nadin also wanted to buy; but prisoner refused to part with these, saying,

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he was going into Yorkshire soon, and could *smash* them for their full value.

He then directed Nadin to attend to the dates of the notes, and to soil them accordingly; and said, "this must be done by rubbing them with a sweaty hand, and all one way; that he must not squeeze or rumple them in his hand, as the imitation of the water-mark was done with a stiff substance, and if he squeezed it, it would *break all in holes*." He added, "these are a good sort; my brother Tom and I played the devil with them in Wales last Chester fair: we went to the fair, and from thence to Wales, where we *smashed* about five hundred pounds worth."

Nadin asked, in what manner he laid the sum out? He replied, "In horses and cattle, which I took into Nottinghamshire, and sold. I have a licence to deal in horses."

Fearns then asked Nadin, if he knew *Long Tom?* He said, "Do you mean *Tom Morley?*" Fearns said, he did not know his surname, but that was the man he had them of. "He comes here," said he, "once a month. It is now three weeks since he was here: he will be here again next week, and you may then have any quantity."

The constables from Leek were now arrived; Fearns was taken inso custody, and the next morning was committed to the county gaol, by the Rev. Mr. Powis.

Mr. Nadin underwent a severe cross-examination by Mr. Serjeant Williams, but without the least variation in his evidence; which was fully confirmed by Mr. Knowles, whose evidence exactly corresponded with that of Mr. Nadin.

Mr. Glover, an Inspector from the Bank, proved that the several bills purchased by Mr. Nadin, from the prisoner, and those found upon him, were all forged.

The prisoner being called upon for his defence, said, he knew nothing of the notes in question: he did not sell them, and had witnesses who could prove that he did not.

James Bloor stated himself to be a bread-baker and dealer in flour, living near the prisoner's house; said he was there at the same time with Nadin and Knowles, and all the time that Knowles was absent, during which no such conversation as that stated by Mr. Nadin, passed between him and the prisoner; nor did he hear of or see any notes, which he must have done, had the prisoner sold or paid any to Nadin. He also contradicted all the principal circumstances.

The Jury, without hesitation, found Fearns guilty—Death.

Bloor, the witness, was taken into custody, the Solicitor for the Bank undertaking to prosecute him for perjury at the next assizes for the county of Stafford.

Fearns has been executed, pursuant to his sentence.

The following is an explanation of the cant terms used in the above trial.

Fow-work	Difficult.
Swag	A bundle of stolen goods.
Spoke to	Stolen.
Screeve	A forged Bank-note.
Licksome (a Lancashire phrase)	Lightsome, cheerful.
Gone out of the country	Transported.
Smashed	Paid away.
Leg'd	Taken into custody.
Snitching	Impeaching, informing against.

Revival of the Game Laws in France.

SINCE the abolition of the Game Laws in France, not only every species of game, but even the commoner birds, have almost been exterminated in several parts of that country. To prevent the entire depopulation of the woods and fields, some regulations have lately been adopted in some of the departments, of which the following proclamation of C. Bouqueau, prefect of the Rhine and Moselle, is an example. It runs thus:—

"WHEREAS there has been, for several years, so great a destruction of game and birds of every kind, that the forests are quite deserted, and it becomes necessary to take as many precautions to prevent the entire extermination of useful and innocent animals, as it was in the feudal times to destroy the noxious beasts,—the prefect, conformably with several laws and decrees which exist, but have not been put in force, forbids hunting in those seasons and places in which it would be prejudicial to the public and private territories, to the fruits of the earth, and the re-production of useful animals."

The destruction of wild animals has, perhaps, been too much recommended in France. Those, at least, which form a part of the food of man, such as the hare, should not be wantonly destroyed, as they are now, by every youngster who can fire a gun, and who does not scruple to kill the female big with young. Still less should those animals be molested, which render essential services to man, by removing various nuisances and noxious insects, such as the swallow, the crow, and a number of other birds; and the lover of nature will plead for those which are entirely innoxious, and enliven the country with their songs, as the linnet, the goldfinch, and the nightingale.

The following fact may serve to shew that very essential service is done to man by some animals which he has proscribed as noxious.—Some years ago, a Prussian nobleman revived on his territories an ancient law, whch imposed on the peasants an annual tribute of a certain number of sparrows heads and crows feet. As his design was well intended, he required this tribute to be paid in kind. Soon the crows no longer dared to follow the plough-share, and the whole race of sparrows appeared to be exterminated in several villages. It was not long before the inhabitants felt the inconvenience of this practice: caterpillars of every kind devoured the leaves of the trees, and all the garden vegetables, for several years successively; the clergyman of the place attributed this to the destruction of the birds; and the nobleman, who was soon convinced of the same, abolished the tribute, and even brought back sparrows into some of the villages from which they had been entirely exterminated.

Another fact of the same kind will serve to confirm the above observations concerning the vast utility of many species of birds.—In the year 1798, the forests of Saxony and Brandenburgh were attacked with a general mortality. The greater part of the trees, especially the firs and different kinds of pine, whose bitter and aromatic branches are rarely the prey of insects, died, as if struck at their roots with some secret malady. It was not here, as too often happens, that the foliage alone was devoured by caterpillars; but these trees perished without shewing any external sign of disease. This calamity became so general, that the regency of Saxony sent

sent naturalists and skilful foresters to find out the cause. They soon found it in the unusual multiplication of one of the *lepidopteræ* insects, which, whilst a worm, insinuated itself within the tree, and fed upon the wood. Whenever any bough of fir or pine was broken, this detestable insect was found within it, which had often hollowed it out to the very bark. From the report of the naturalists and most experienced foresters, it seemed highly probable that the extraordinary increase of this insect was owing to the entire disappearance of some species of woodpeckers and titmice, which had not for some years been seen in the forests.—The above insect, in its larva state, was a large white soft-bodied caterpillar, with twelve rings, and a hard and corneous head, furnished with very strong jaws, extremely proper for gnawing wood. On the breast it had two tubercles, and beneath its body, short and fleshy legs. It turned into a moth of remarkable size and beauty.

A Deputy Alderman's Diary.

On a Tour.

TOLD the Waiter, "Dash my *buttons*, as you're a good fellow, you shall have my old *shoes!*

Paid my lodgings at a *watchmaker's*; though, by the bye, I ought to have gone *on tick*.

Told Mr. *Apewell*, the mimic, I was the best imitator, as I should *take myself off*.

Discharged my subscription at the Library, "All for *Love*."—*Mem.* The best part of the book, to read, is the *outside*.

Got into the chaise at six in the morning; and, feeling myself rather *queer*, took some *rum* and water.—Being rather *ailing*, had a toast and *tankard* at Dorchester. Went on to Salisbury, and was determined *to aspire* to the *top of the Cathedral*. Dined at Basingstoke, and, being rather *impetuous*, was resolved to have a *rasher* on the coals. Read the newspapers, and observed that next Tuesday, owing to the *Russian* debate, there will be a severe *bear*-baiting in the House of Commons.—*Mem.* After dinner, had some *olives*, on account of the *peace*, though, like many others, made *wry faces* in *swallowing*.

Made a *point* of drinking no more than a *pint* of wine; and having told Mrs. *Widgeon*, the mistress of the house, that by her *bill* I should have conceived her to be a *wild duck*, ordered the boy to drive to Murrell *Green*, where I looked confounded *blue*, on being informed there was no *other milk* in the house except *cream*.

Came on to Hounslow, and, *my coat* being very much *splashed*, was told by the landlord, he knew I had been at *Egham*, as he perceived by my coat I had been through *Staines*.—*Mem.* Good for the City, though affraid they won't take it.

Arrived at *Turnham Green*, and remembered the old story, that "Hammersmith was the way to *make* peas *yellow*."

Drank tea at Kensington:—thought of the 9th of November. Hope the Lord *Mayor* may prove the better *horse*. Glorious feasting on Monday. *Warm* work amongst the waiters: suppose they'll run for a *heat*, instead of a *plate*.—*Mem.* To look over all my *puns* and *sentiments*, and furbish them up against the occasion.

Saw a good pun in the *Oracle*.—A gentleman never been at *Cork*, but seen many *drawings* of it.—*N. B.* Improve upon it, by substituting *paintings* for *drawings*.

Met with a friend, who took me down to Hampton a-fishing.—Arrived

rived at the *Bell*, where I told the landlord to hold his *clapper*.—Ordered a *beef steak*, and told the waiter my *chops* were ready when his were.—Went to bed, and hearing the *Abigail* sing, told her, I supposed she was an *Abbey Girl*.

Returned to town in the evening, much improved in health, *accuracy*, *puns*, and *erudition*.

(The end of my Diary.)

NEW PATENT *for a* NEW METHOD *of making* HORSE-SHOE NAILS, *granted to* MR. SPENCER, *of Duffield, in Derbyshire.*

IN this method of making horse-shoe nails, Mr. Spencer provides *two rolls*; one which has longitudinal impressions to correspond to those parts of the iron plate to be applied to it, which are to be thickened for the heads of the intended nails; the other, perfectly plain.

He then applies a plate of iron between these rolls, under a pressure, and in a heat, by which the parts for the heads of the nails may be thickened in the hollows of the roll which was so prepared.

The plate, after suffering this pressure, is cut, at the middle, between every two of the thickened parts, into pieces of a breadth equal to the length of two nails.

These pieces are then successively applied upon a bed with a punch, and subjected to the operation of a screw press, or any other adequate power. A piece, consisting of two nails joined by the heads at its middle, is thus cut off.—This piece, consisting of two nails, is then applied upon another bed fitted with a separater. They are by the action of the separater, under a screw-press or other power, divided into single nails.

It is in the use of the rolls to make the impressions, and of the punches to press out the nails, that the peculiarity of this invention consists.

Being employed upon a matter of such extensive common utility, and affording a very great saving in time, it may be considered as an invention of very great value to the public.

THE PIN.

(From a Paris Journal)

OUR neighbours, the English, if we may judge from their marriage contracts, are (or at least were) the greatest consumers of pins in the world. Nothing is more usual than for a lady of fashion to be allowed a thousand pounds sterling a year (24,000 livres tournois) for the single article of pins.—Historians relate, that in those days, when *pin-money* was first introduced, the English ladies consumed a vast number of pins to fasten their clothes. In process of time, however, the consumption of pins has decreased, and in the exact proportion with the diminution of drapery. At Paris, God knows, a husband will not be ruined by the expence of pins!—Now-a-days, an *elegante* makes almost as little use of *a pin* as of a needle!

But yet allow me to tell your ladies of fashion, for whom pins have become useless, that *a pin in place* may sometimes be of importance to the reputation of your charms!—Little do you think how much even a beauty may be indebted to a pin! Little do you consider how many vows, how many addresses, depend upon a single pin!—Take out that solitary pin, which, strange to tell, has found its way into your robe; take

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out that pin, and the loves and desires, which hover round what it mysteriously conceals, disappear: the imagination droops its wing; the illusion vanishes; pleasure is disappointed, and flies in search of new deceptions. — Ah, Madam! learn to conceal with grace; and remember that your charms soon lose their power, when you display their utmost force. Above all, know that there are some pins which you should rarely unfasten!

Mr. Barclay's Walking Match against Time, for TEN THOUSAND POUNDS.

OUR readers will recollect we stated, in a former number, that Mr. Barclay, a gentleman of 4000l. per annum in Scotland, had made a match of 5000l. a side, or 10,000l. in the whole, with Mr. Fletcher, a north country (we believe a Scotch) gentleman, also a man of large fortune, and proprietor of several celebrated race-horses, that he (Mr. Barclay) would go on foot ninety miles, in twenty-one successive hours and a half.— Mr. Barclay started on Monday night, the 9th November, at twelve o'clock, at Ayton, on the road from York to Hull, about fifteen miles from the former city. He walked a mile out and a mile in; the mile of the road on which he walked being well lighted with lamps.— The following letter was received from York, dated Wednesday morning, Nov. 11th, one o'clock:—

"I have just arrived from witnessing the match. Mr. Barclay has won. He finished his walking at twenty-two minutes four seconds past eight o'clock last evening, being one hour, seven minutes, and fifty-six seconds, within the time allowed. He executed the match in a capital style. He stopped six times to refresh and change his clothes, which generally took him from twelve and a half to fifteen minutes. The weather has been particularly favourable, except from four to eight o'clock yesterday morning, when it grew hazy: this rendered him rather dull.

"Betting, two to one, and seven to four, in his favour, at four and eight this morning. At eleven o'clock, when he had gone fifty miles, three to one he won; when he had gone sixty miles, five and four to one; when he had gone seventy, seven and six to one, he won. The latter part of his walking, ten and fifteen to one.

"A great concourse of people attended, and were particularly attentive that he should meet with no interruption: they seemed all highly pleased that he had won. At the close, he was huzzaed by the crowd, and carried about on their shoulders in triumph. Many gentlemen present came from Scotland to see the match."

On the above match, not only the ten thousand pounds between the two principals, but double that sum among the sporting gentlemen of Yorkshire, Scotland, and London, was depending. The whole county of York was deeply interested in the event, as that is the most sporting part of the kingdom. —Mr. Barclay has, however, done little more than recover his own money back from Mr. Fletcher. About a year ago, Mr. Fletcher undertook to walk sixty miles in fourteen hours, for 2500l. a side, which Mr. Barclay betted him, and Mr. Fletcher won the 5000l. This match was suddenly made and suddenly performed, rather privately, near Doncaster, so that the public heard but little of it. Mr. Fletcher was only a very short time in training

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ing under Ward the pugilist, living on raw meat, &c. and when he won, he felt the last twenty miles tire him so much, that he thought it quite impossible for Mr. Barclay to go thirty miles further, at the same rate; and hence arose the present bet. — Mr. Barclay has, however, been in training since the beginning of September, under Mr. Smith, an old farmer in Yorkshire, on Lord Fauconberg's estate. —Smith sports a little on the turf, and is very knowing in all sporting science. Among other things, he is particularly well acquainted with the best way of training a person to walk, and therefore Mr. Barclay put himself under his care.

Mr. Fletcher made his bet with great judgment. Not only did he think it impossible for Mr. Barclay to keep up walking at the rate of four miles and a quarter an hour (which was the rate, including stoppages) for twenty-one successive hours, but he stipulated that the task should be performed at this season of the year, when the human frame is the most relaxed, and in the weakest state. There was also a great chance, at this time, of a high wind, heavy rain, or a thick fog, either of which would have proved a fatal obstacle to Mr. Barclay's success. The fog, for a few hours in the morning, proved a heavy drawback on his exertions; and, had it continued all day, it is probable he would have lost.—Mr. Barclay, we believe, did not foresee these difficulties arising from the season, at the time he made the bet; and fortunately he escaped them, as the weather was, except between four and eight in the morning, extremely favourable.

Another letter, from Pocklington, dated Nov. 12, says, "Tuesday night, at twenty minutes past eight o'clock, Mr. Barclay finished his famous walk of ninety miles, in twenty hours and fifty minutes, being one hour and ten minutes within the time allowed him. I saw him frequently in the course of the day, and was present when he came in. He was so fresh, that the last mile he came in at a run: every body seemed in his favour, and the idea of his bottom was such, that the black-legs could get no bets, such as they wished.—Accompanied by one of my friends, I immediately went to see him after his walk, when he told us, he felt perfectly well."

A third account says, "Mr. Barclay betted 5000l. that he would go ninety miles in twenty-one successive hours and a half; which was to include time for refreshment, change of clothes, and every stoppage that Mr. B. might think needful to make. The match was made some time since, between the above gentleman and Mr. Fletcher, a gentleman well known on the turf, owner of Allegranti, &c. to be decided in the month of November; Mr. Barclay to give eight days notice of the day on which he was to start. The agreement stated, that he was to go the above number of miles in twenty-one and a half successive hours of one day. The time was accordingly fixed for Tuesday the 10th of November. The ground chosen by Mr. Barclay, on which he was to decide the bet, was the space of one mile on the high road between York and Hull, about sixteen miles from the former place. The ground was measured by the contracting parties, and a post fixed at the end of the mile, which, in turning, required of Mr. Barclay about one space and a half each mile, but which was not reckoned in the measurement. Persons were stationed at the winning-post,

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to notch down the rounds, and observe that every thing was done in a fair manner. On each side of the road were placed a number of lamps, on purpose to give light during the night. A few minutes before twelve o'clock on Monday evening, Mr. Barclay, with several of his friends, appeared on the ground, as did also Mr. Fletcher. Precisely at twelve, six stop-watches were set, put into a box at the winning end, and the box sealed; Mr. Barclay starting at the time. He wore a flannel close shirt, flannel trowsers and night-cap, lamb's-wool stockings, and large leather shoes, rather thick in the soles.

"He went the first two miles in twenty-five minutes ten seconds, and continued nearly at the same rate till he had gone sixteen miles, varying only a few seconds each round of two miles. Here he halted. The house into which he went to refresh was situate on the right side of the course, about ten yards from the road side, and which, in going in and coming out, made twenty yards, but which Mr. Barclay did not wish to be included in the distance. Mr. Barclay remained about ten minutes, in taking refreshment and changing clothes: proceeded with his match, went fifteen miles more, and then refreshed and changed as before.

"It was now seven o'clock in the morning, which was rather hazy. Mr. Barclay appeared dull, from the dampness of the night air. Betting, however, was two to one, and five to two, in his favour. After refreshing, he again set out, appeared more cheerful, and went sixteen or seventeen miles more with much apparent strength, going each two miles in about twenty-five minutes twenty seconds.

"By eleven o'clock he had gone fifty miles, and appeared to proceed on his course with greater ease and vigour. Betting was now four and five to one in his favour.

"When he had gone sixty miles, he stopped to refresh and change clothes, remained about ten minutes in the house, and came out in high spirits, with much cheerfulness in his countenance. Betting increased in his favour, six and seven to one. He proceeded till he had gone seventy miles, hardly varying in regularly performing each round of two miles in about twenty-five minutes and a half, when he again refreshed and changed clothes, appeared well and strong, and proceeded with his match in a gallant style.

"He refreshed twice more, *viz.* when he had gone seventy-eight and eighty-four miles; and performed the whole by twenty-two minutes four seconds past eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, being one hour, seven minutes, fifty-six seconds, within the specified time. —What is rather deserving of notice is, that he went three successive rounds of two miles in exactly the same time, *viz.* twenty five minutes and fifteen seconds.

"When he came in, he was strong and hearty, and said, he found himself so well as to be able to go twenty miles farther. Thousands, on foot and horse, attended during the course of his walking. When he had finished, he was loudly huzzaed, and carried on the shoulders of the multitude.

"Every attention was paid to him during the performance of his match. Carriages, mail-coaches, waggons, people on horseback and on foot, all went to the sides of the road, in order to leave him a free passage. He never met with the least interruption: all seemed to wish him well. The West York militia, who were on their route from

from Hull to York, halted, and filed in single divisions to the sides of the road, leaving him a free passage; which had a most beautiful effect. The soldiers greeted him, as he passed along, with "We wish you may win!" Indeed, the steady and great exertions he used to win this match, prepossessed all the spectators in his favour; in return for which he seemed highly pleased, and even much affected, by their kind attention."

It appears, on the whole, that Mr. Barclay, after deducting the time he took for refresment, &c. went the ninety miles in little more than nineteen hours, exclusive of the extra yards in going to and coming from the house, and in turning the posts. The weather, except from about four to seven in the morning, was extremely favourable.

Mr. Barclay had been in training, for some time before starting, by the renowned and well-known Mr. John Smith, of Oulston, near Easingwould. Mr. Smith's son, a young man about nineteen years of age, went the last thirty miles with Mr. Barclay, in order to keep him company; and which he went with much credit to himself, and every appearance of future performance.

Mr. Barclay is about twenty-two years of age, stout made, and about five feet eleven inches high. He walked much in the manner of the celebrated Powell. The ground he chose had several gentle risings: when he came to these, he, in general, made a sort of run up; all the other parts he mostly walked. He eat very heartily when he stopped: his food was boiled fowls, mutton steaks, &c. and his drink, strong old beer.

A Bait for an Exciseman.

A Few days since a curious hoax was played upon an Excise Officer:—

A countryman was stopped by a Revenue Officer at Bursledon, where he took from him two casks of spirits, which he suspected had been smuggled. After the officer had carried the liquor from Bursledon to Titchfield, a distance of three miles, the man suddenly stopped at a house, saying, "It is to be left here!" The officer replied, "No: as I have seized it, it must go to the Excise Office!" and immediately proceeded with the casks—"Not so fast, master!" replied the countryman, "I have a little bit of paper here, which, if you will take the time and trouble, of reading, will tell you it is to be left at this house."

The officer having read the paper, exclaimed, "Why, you rascal, this is a permit! Why did you not shew it me before?"—"Because," said the man, "if I had, you would not have been so kind as to have carried the liquor so far for me."

Another Hoax.

THE inhabitants of Richmond, in Surrey, have been for some time in a state of alarm at the appearance of a *ghost* in that neighbourhood, which has shewn itself to several persons, under a variety of forms. Sometimes it is all black, with a long tail, bearing the human form; and at others, it appears in white, with black face and black hands.

To one lady it appeared, a few nights since, at her bed-chamber window, on a moon-light night: she

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An Occurrence in Dukes Place!

the church bell was at the moment striking the hour of twelve. The lady was found by the servants (whom she had called to her assistance by ringing the bell) in a swoon, and was with difficulty restored to her senses.

A young girl, walking near the Theatre at a late hour, was tapped on the shoulder by the ghost: she was so much frightened, as to be some time confined to her bed.

Two ladies and a gentleman walking by the water-side, one of the ladies suddenly exclaimed, "There it is now!" This exclamation had such an effect upon the gentleman, that the ladies, notwithstanding their fright, were obliged to support him to the town, or he would have fainted.

The town is all in confusion, and two guineas reward have actually been offered to any one who can apprehend the ghost.

A lady, an inhabitant of the place, has left it, in consequence of one of her sons being accused of *knowing the ghost!*

Occurrence in Duke's Place.

[An Etching.]

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

LATELY passing, in the neighbourhood of Duke's Place I was witness to the last scene of a kind of tragi-comical farce, performed *al frisco*, which, in the hands of one of your ingenious designers, I think would furnish a good subject for the decorative department of the *Sporting Magazine.*

It seems, two near neighbours of the parish of ——; the one a Knight of the Shears, and the other of the Cleaver, pot companions, had each entertained a *penchant* for the wife of his friend.—As the Knights were pressing so were the ladies kind. An appointment was fixed (as the genius of ill-luck would have it) at the same house, and nearly the same point of time. The Paphian temple was situated in an obscure street, not far from the Great Synagogue of the Jews, to which the amorous tailor was the first to repair, followed at some little distance by his beloved spouse, whom, seeing approach, and being apprehensive of having been seen by her, little suspecting her engagement, he prudently gave up his own, pretending not to notice her, and proceeded towards home.—The lady, however, kept her appointment, and arrived at the house of rendezvous nearly at the same moment as her gallant.

The interview of the lovers, I shall not attempt to describe; suffice it to say, it was soon disturbed by the bursting open the door of the apartment in which they met, when in rushed *Madam Marrow-bone*, whose patience had been nearly exhausted waiting for her fickle paramour, in an adjoining room; when, hearing the whisperings of love through the wainscot, she applied her eye to a crevice, and beheld, oh shame and confusion, her next door neighbour and tea-table companion, the bosom wife of her faithless knight, in the arms of her own husband.

Disappointed passions now assumed the air of indignant virtue, and she fell, with tooth and nail, upon her unfortunate friend, who, flying from her immediate fury down stairs, made a stand in the street; where our two amazons, each experiencing support from the surrounding crowd, maintained a doubtful fight for some time; victory, however, at length declared in favour of the *virtuous* lady.

Her discomfited lord and master, I understand, escaped her vengeance, at the moment of attack, by running out of the house bare-footed and without his wig.

How the domestic derangements of the two families have been settled since, I have not been able to learn, further than thus, the two husbands continue to smoak their evening pipes together, at the sign of the ——, as heretofore. I am, gentlemen, your's,

A LOVER OF SPORT.

Hornsditch, Nov. 1801.

☞ The Etching here given is from a design of Mr. COLLINGS, by Mr. HOWIT.

THE NEW DISORDER; OR, THE POLITIMANIA DESCRIBED.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

BEING lately on business in the West of England, I received a card of invitation to dine with an old correspondent, Mr. Jeremiah Huckaback, who, from the smallest beginnings, would have realized a good fortune in the double capacity of grocer and linen-draper, had he not unfortunately been seized with a disorder too prevalent in this country, called the *Politimania*; or, in other words, the ambition of making a genteel appearance.

After dressing myself as well as a traveller could, at three o'clock I proceeded to the house of my friend, who, after a cordial reception, escorted me into a large room he had converted from a warehouse into what he called a saloon, where we joined a numerous assemblage of his friends. The usual compliments having passed, I ventured to cast my eyes round the apartment, whose stuccoed walls were covered with portraits at full length, most of them in armour. Had I not been tolerably well acquainted with my friend's pedigree, I should have venerated them as the warlike forms of his ancestors: but an elderly gentleman, observing my attention, took me aside, and, after several sly hints of *fools and their money*, informed me they were all painted by eminent masters; that Mr. Huckaback had purchased them at the extravagant rate of half-a-guinea a head, at the sale of Sir Jehu Hazzard's effects, a gentleman of spirit and family; who, notwithstanding he had kept the best company, could boast of having a capital stud, a fleet pack, and the finest girls in that district, had lately condescended to accept an invitation to spend a season with the Governor of the County Gaol. I could hardly preserve my gravity at the ambitious introduction of my friend into this good company. Between Alexander the Great, and Charles the XIIth of Sweden, hung the smiling resemblance of Captain Huckaback; for you must know, that his residence being within a few miles of the sea, my friend, who had been instrumental in raising, was complimented with the command of a martial phalanx, bound by the tie of honour alone, to defend their wives and daughters from the attacks of French republicans.

His head, though not cased in an helmet, looked very respectable in a large white wig in full buckle; his legs that bore no very *slender* resemblance to two upright beer barrels, supporting a hogshead in the same position, were partly enveloped in shining gaiters. Beneath his double chin depended the glittering gorget: a crimson sash begirt his ample waist; and the judicious painter, to avoid all appearance of stiffness, had placed

him

him in that position, called by military men, *standing easy*.

In about an hour a boy in livery came, and announced dinner. On our entrance into the dining-room, we were received with great state by Madam Huckaback, dressed to the very height of the mode. She was supported by her youngest daughter, Euphrasia, (Clementina, the eldest, having run off with a Lieutenant of a marching regiment) and Mr. Marc Anthony Huckaback, a boy of fifteen years of age, her only son. This young gentleman had been named Anthony, (to which they had given the dignified addition of Marc) in compliment to his paternal grand-papa, an eminent dealer in linen, who so religiously adhered to the old maxim of *keep your shop, and your shop will keep you*, that he had borne his on his back through every county in England.

The dinner was sumptuous and well arranged, but ill-cooked, for Madam was too much *du bon ton* to look into her kitchen. On the entrance of the desert, the company began to find leisure for conversation: and, as most of them had been in trade, I fully expected a dissertation on the Stocks, or a discussion of the Treaty of Peace, in which I flattered myself I should make some figure. But to my surprise and mortification, I heard a discourse hardly intelligible on the price of oats, the extraordinary qualities of a *bit of blood*, then inhabiting our landlord's stable, and the chagrin, Mr. Overseer Cardamum must feel, on being black-ball'd at the Whist-club, held at the Pewter Platter. This conversation was indeed a little relieved by the remarks of the lady of the house, and the sprightly sallies of her son, who seemed to have little of the *maubaise honte*, in his composition. His father designed him for the law, and for that reason wished he should be master of Latin; but his mamma, who inclined to the army, thought that a lad of his spirit ought to employ his *talons* in the service of his country: indeed by his front, he seemed equally qualified to shine at the bar, or at the head of a company of militia.

This difference of opinion occasioned a little dispute, in which Mr. Huckaback, apprehending a defeat, was obliged to raise his voice, and declare, that no man could be properly noticed by his superiors, without understanding Latin: but Mr. Knavesmire asserting, that Jack Sweepstakes, who was the most knowingest fellow in the world, understood Latin no more than the *Pope of Rome*, the army remained masters of the field of battle, and Mrs. Huckaback retired with her daughter to trifle at whist, for only half-crown points, till the evening; when both ladies were engaged to attend at Mr. Dripping's, the tallow-chandler's lady's rout.

The gentlemen, according to a laudable English custom, were now left to themselves. Champaigne, Madeira, and Sherry, flowed rapidly round. The company reassumed their former topic, except Marc Anthony, who, hearing I was from London, chose to attach himself to me; and I soon found his mamma had not over-rated his spirit and accomplishments. He could speak French sufficiently to puzzle an Englishman who did not understand it; played a little on the violin without submitting to the drudgery of learning the gamut; and informed me that after he and a party of his school-fellows, *had done the usher over* at the ale-house, he had rode a match with one of them for five guineas.

Here he was interrupted by his papa's calling on him for a senti-

ment; but after he had given, "A friend and a bottle," the jackanapes had the assurance to make me his confidante, in an intrigue he had with his master's maid. By this time, to use Mr. Marc Anthony's phrase, I was nearly *done over*, and took the first opportunity of leaving this very genteel company, and retiring to my inn; where, being alone, I could not forbear reflecting on the absurdity of a man in a middle line of life, complaining of hard times, and, at the same time, entertaining his friends with all the extravagant luxury of a Lucullus.

I. I. B.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

THE admirable talents of the popular Syren, justify the opinion of the late Duke of Cumberland, who, when orators were raving about Cheyt Sing, exclaimed —*Whew*! nobody can *sing* like Mrs. Billington!

An odd affair happened at Croydon the other day—a gentleman and lady had invited a large party to dinner, when, just as the meat was setting down, the *Cook* was *taken* up by the Parish Officers, for having *dressed* a bantling without matrimonial *sauce*!!

A few days ago, a couple went to Heanor Church, in Derbyshire, to be joined together in holy bands of matrimony: at the altar, when the priest came to that part of the ceremony, when it expressly says, "Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" the rustic gravely replied, "Noa, I wonner." The priest, surprised at this reply, desired to know his reasons.—"Whoy," says he, "it wonner do to dey." Not satisfied with this, he expostulated on the impropriety of such conduct, and desired to be informed, in positive terms, of his motives for so doing? The swain answered, "Whoy, I've changed my mind since I came intoth church, and I wonner ha her." From this determination, no arguments whatever could remove him. On coming out of church, the intended bride-maids set to, and gave the fickle youth so sound a drubbing, that it is thought the next time his courage leads him there again, the remembrance of aching bones will carry him through the business.

A gentleman, on the point, lately, of marrying a young lady of considerable fortune, was conversing with her on the subject of Chinese customs. She thought bandaging their female infants feet, to make them small, and thereby rendering them almost cripples, was a very reprehensible custom. The gentleman replied, that it was chiefly done with a view of preventing the Chinese Ladies from gadding too much about; and added, he was of opinion that it was a very wise institution.—"Then, Sir," cried his enamorata, "a *Chinese wife* will best suit you."—The match was instantly broke off.

Two ladies, both of them very handsome, met one day at the house of a milliner. They both admired and essayed an infinite number of ribbands, caps, and laces: they exhibited themselves in the glass. "Which of us two," said the one to the other, "which of us two do you think prettiest?" The lady to whom this difficult questin

question was addressed, did not know what to do in such an emergency, when politeness and vanity were so irreconcileably at variance. Being, however, a person of wit, she extricated herself with considerable success. "Madame," replied she, "I will wager, at least, *that you and I do not agree in our opinions on that subject!*"—The lady was right; and she, who would have extorted a confession of her own superior charms, at the expence of another's vanity, scarce deserved so ingenious an evasion.

On the death, lately, of a facetious jolly fellow, a member of the club to which the deceased had belonged observed, that it was unjust in Death to deprive them of so merry a soul!"—"I think the reverse," cried a grave old *Quidnunc*, "and shall be glad to hear your reason."—"Because," replied the former, "he was the very reverse of you: he kept his company—all ALIVE!"

An odd circumstance occurred the other day in ——— church, in Leicestershire. The Lord of the Manor having brought an action against the Parson, for shooting upon his lands, and imagining *himself* to be addressed from the desk, in the words—"O *Lord*, forgive us our trespasses!"—the 'Squire rose in a fury, and swore "he would see him d—'d first!"

A gentleman, on hiring a servant from the country, in the capacity of Valet, asked him, whether he should be able to undertake the situation for which he intended him? "O yes," replied the countryman; "to be sure I may be a little aukwardish at first, as a body may say, but I thinks as how I shall very soon be able to *shoot* your honour *mortally!*"

The following charge, worthy of *Dogberry* himself, was lately taken by a constable of the night, and produced the next day before the sitting magistrate at Worship-street:—"John Brown gave charge of Martha Brown, his wife, for wilfully *scoulding* him; for being *toxicated*, and *quarelsum* in her liquor, at twelve o'clock at night."—The magistrate dismissed it, as being an evil beyond the reach of law to remedy!

A man of the name of *Ruscoe*, of the parish of Loppington, in the county of Salop, lately apprehended on a charge of having *run away*, leaving his wife chargeable on the parish, has pleaded, as a *set-off*, that he ran away with *another man's wife*, who was left in the same situation by her husband.—It is a clear case, that he has not burthened the parish, and the magistrates are a good deal puzzled.

A *witty shaver* of Rochester inhabits a shop in that place having two doors, over one of which is written, "Shave for a Penny;" and over the other, "Shave for *Nothing!*"—Most of his customers, of course, prefer the latter, at which they are ushered in with the greatest politeness, and take their seats accordingly; when the operator shaves one side of the face to the *meridianal line*, with the greatest exactitude, where he ceases, sheathing his razor, and gracefully delivers the napkin to his customer, who now, too late, discovers his mistake, and, for the sake of uniformity, readily offers his penny, to have the important business completed.

When Foote's *Bankrupt* was first announced, Mr. F. had failed for 300,000l. which occasioned Mr. F.'s brother to call upon Foote, and threaten, if he exposed him, he would thrash him handsomely; to which Aristophanes coolly answered, "Don't be alarmed! It can't mean *your* brother; for *my* Bankrupt is *an honest man!*"

Card

Card of a Jew.—"Mordecai Levi, at his warehouse, up one pair of stairs, No. 5, Solomon's Court, Little Duke's Place, London: dealer in all sorts of merchandize.—Foreign goods of all kinds to be had *cheap*, without duty.—Most money given for gold, silver, jewels, wearing apparel, &c. *honestly come by.*—*N. B.* A furnace always kept a-light, for gentlemen that chuse to see their plate *melted.*—**** *Slight of hand taught.*"

An Innkeeper fishing in the neighbourhood of Hampton, exclaimed, on entangling a fish,—"Coming, Sir!—Zounds! there is the *bar bell!*"

Effort at a Pun.—An American ship had long been at sea, and the crew were greatly in want of provisions. A poor Welchman who was on board, and who had been carried from the plough to America, whence he was returning to his own country, appeared to suffer most from this circumstance, when he was agreeably surprized by the Mate announcing that they had *sprung a leak.* "Ah!" said Taffy, "that is fine news; for I wanted something *comfortable to my stomach!*"

During Marquis Cornwallis's residence in Dublin, as Viceroy, he often went in disguise through the city. He had heard much of the wit of a Shoe-black, known by the name of *Blind Peter*, whose stand was always at the Globe coffee-house door. Having found him out, he stopped to get his boots cleaned; which was no sooner done, than his Lordship asked *Peter* to give him change for half a guinea. "Half a guinea! your Honour!" said the ragged wit; "Change for half a guinea from me! By G—, Sir, you might as well ask *a Highlander for a knee-buckle!*"—His Lordship was so well pleased, that he left him the bit of gold, and walked off.

A prisoner being lately sentenced by the Judge, on circuit, to be whipped one hundred yards, for stealing *three* yards of lace, humorously observed, that it was not fair in his Lordship, for every *inch* given in evidence to take an *ell.*

A humorous innkeeper, in one of the midland counties, instead of *numbering* his rooms assigned for the accommodation of travellers, has them distinguished in a sort of *thermometrical* manner, and, according to the *weather*, or the *constitution* of his customer, he puts him into one or other of the apartments. If his guest express no sense of cold, he shews him into *Temperate*; if chilly, into *Summer Heat*; but, if he makes the least complaint of the sharpness of the air, he pops him instantly into *Blood Heat.*

A wit will have it, that the spirit of *Sunday routs* has diffused itself among the higher order of mortals, ycleped *fashionable*:—"For," says he, "they now sit down as regularly to cards, as their great grandmothers did to read the Bible. The *Ace of Spades* has turned *Moses and the Prophets* out of doors; and the *Four Kings* triumphed over the *Twelve Apostles!*"

A gay young City Sportsman lately boasting of his skill as a marksman, was advised by a friend to *Shoot Folly as it flies.* "No: faith," replied he, "I have too much affection for my friends!—Were I to kill *all the game* presented by *Folly*, I should bring down your sister and my own: nay, you would run a great risk of being peppered yourself; and, worse than all, I should be—*obliged to commit suicide!*"

Some of the dashing *Parisian beaux* have lately adopted the fashion of having their *heads shaved.* And this

this is certainly as it ought to be: where all is *emptiness* within, it is emblematically proper that all should be *bare without.*

A provincial paper contains the following advertisement:—"Ran away, leaving his wife chargeable to the parish, E. T. by trade a Sawyer, or Rough Carpenter; a frequenter of public houses; and, when *in spirits*, a very good singer."

An Irishman, lately seeing his neighbour driving an unruly pig before him, asked him, what he was going to do with it?—"Faith," replies Paddy, "I am going to take it home, to eat the children to their *potatoes!*"

Some of the spectators to see the poor wretches suffer in the Old Bailey, at a late execution, exclaimed against the Hangman for hurrying them.—"Och! be aisy!" says a Hibernian, "It is sheer humanity in Jack Ketch; for, were the poor souls to stand long in the rain, they would catch their death with cold!"

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ON the 8th of November, —— Marshall, a butcher, of the age of sixty, undertook to walk thirty miles in six hours, for a considerable wager, and very large sums were depending. The place he chose for deciding the bet, was a mile of the road on the other side of Lea Bridge. He started, at seven o'clock in the morning, walking one mile in, and one mile out, till he performed the task, which he did with ease in eleven minutes less than the time allowed.

Mr. Coke, and a party with him, killed this season, at Castleacre, in Norfolk, in five days, seven hundred and twenty-six partridges.

A Mr. G. Pugh, of the New Pale, at Chester, lately went sixty-six yards and a half, in twenty hops, and won his wager with apparent ease. But these exertions being accompanied with betting, a great deal of money immediately hopped from one pocket to another.

Studs Extraordinary.—A recent traveller in Africa, tells us that the life-guard of the King of Monamopota, consists of two hundred large mastiffs; and that he is further attended by three hundred court fools. Two other African Kings having very large menageries, entitle themselves, Kings of Lions.—Another King in Mexico, used to rear all sorts of beasts in his palace, and had cellars stored with vipers, scorpions, and other poisonous creatures.

The Linton altercation from the Cambridge Newspapers.—1st. Paragraph.—As Mr. Raymer, a respectable farmer at Duxford, was sporting a few days ago on his *own ground*, he was perceived by the Rev. Edmund Fisher, jun. of Linton, who laid an information against him: and as he could not prove himself possessed of Freehold Landed Property, to the amount of One Hundred Pounds a year, he was, although he had taken out a certificate, fined Five Pounds.

2nd Paragraph.—We have authority to say, that the paragraph inserted in several Papers the latter end of September last, is a misstatement:

statement; and to state, that Mr. Raymer was shooting indiscriminately in the common fields of Duxford, and not particularly upon his own land; that Mr. Fisher has two Manors and considerable property in the said parish; that Mr. F. does not shoot in the manor above once in the season; and that the very illiberal and unprecedented conduct of Mr. Raymer to Mr. Fisher, was the cause why an information was laid against him.

3d and last Paragraph.—We have authority to say, that the statement in our paper of the 26th ult. respecting an information laid against Mr. Raymer, of Duxford, by the Rev. Edmund Fisher, jun. of Linton, was correct. In reply to the attack upon Mr. R's conduct, we are desired to add, that so far from Mr. R. acting "illiberally," he very civilly directed Mr. F. to two coveys on the day the information was laid, and Mr. R.'s behaviour on the occasion, and general character for civility, are so well known, that Mrs. Crop, who owns the Paramount Manor, has given Mr. R. a deputation to secure him in future against similar illiberal conduct. It is true, Mr. F. owns a petty Manor, but it is so insignificant, that it is difficult to say in what part of the field it lies. Mr. F. told Mr. Raymer, "that he expected every one should keep off the field on the day *he* chose to come sporting."

A private letter lately received from Calcutta states, that the elephants in the Rohilchund country have commenced their depredations, and destroyed a number of sugar plantations, to the great detriment of the natives. Parties have been ordered out, in consequence, to shoot these destructive animals, who being of an inferior size, are only caught for the purpose of taking their teeth.

A *tankard and silver cup* were lately stolen out of the parish *Church* of Hamsey, near Lewes, and a *bible and prayer-book* out of an *Inn*, on the same night, in the same neighbourhood.

A Provincial Paper of a recent date contains the following paragraph:—"Yesterday seven *mealfactors* (probably malefactors) were executed at the New Drop in *Market*-street."

Anecdote.—Monsieur Bouret, the famous Fermier General, a man of immense fortune, but stupid even to a proverb, being one day in the King's apartment at Versailles, *L'œul de Beuf*, where two noblemen were engaged in a party at Piquet, one of them happening to play the wrong card, and by that lose the game, he exclaimed, "Oh! what a Beuret am I!"—Offended at this liberty, Bouret instantly resented it, in these words: "Sir, you are an ass!"—"The very thing I meant!" replied the other, with a *sang froid* that gave the epigram its full poignancy.

A Pedestrian Race.—Two gentlemen of Manchester, the one an Organist, the other a Tailor, a short time since ran a race, once round Kersal-moor, for one guinea a side.—Both of them being of *Falstaffian* dimension, the singularity of the scene excited no small interest, and a very considerable number of spectators attended.—They had not run more than half round, when the lungs, or *bellows*, of the Organist shewed *limping* symptoms of a want of *wind*; and the triumphant Tailor *clipt* the laurels of his antagonist, by *running away with* the *guinea* and the *glory*.

A Barber, in a town in Devonshire, put a transparency over his door, on the night of illuminating for peace, containing these words: —"*Shave and draw Teeth, during the Illumination, at Half-Price.*"

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

LORD MAYOR's DAY,

IN PARODIES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

O For a Muse of fire, that would emblazon
The brightest morn o'th city calendar;
A stage for Lords, and eke for Peers and Princes,
And Monarchs, to behold the passing scene!
Then should they see our knighted Magistrate
Assume the port of King; and, at his side,
Like body-guards, bright splendour, wealth, and plenty,
Crowd for employment:—pardon, gentles all,
The flat unpensioned laureat, that hath dared
In these unworthy numbers, to bring forth
So great an object. Can this paper hold
London's vast theme? Can we compress
In the Sporting Magazine, the champion
That did affright the very air in Cheapside
With open mouth, gaping on his bright armour?
O pardon—'tis your thoughts must deck our show,
Carry it here and there, hurry it thro' streets,
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance.

First entertain conjecture of the toil,
When countless turbots and unnumber'd soles
Fill the wide kitchens of each livery hall.
From spit to copper, to kettle, pot, and pan,
The busy hum of greasy scullion sounds,
That the fix'd beadles do almost perceive
The secret dainties of each others watch.
Fire answers fire, and thro' their paly flames
Each table sees the others bill of fare:
Cook threatens cook in high and saucy vaunt,
Of rare and new-made dishes! confectioners
(Both pastry-cooks and fruiterers in league)
With candied art their dishes closing up
Give pleasing notice of a rich desert.

Now, proud of numbers, and elate in spirits,
The confident and overlusty 'prentices
Do chide from Cripplegate the drowsy morn
That limps so tediously away—but, hark!
Bow-bells ring out their peal, St. Bride's the same,
And half-past nine St. Paul's doth heavy toll.

Now, quick as fancy's speed, the swift scene flies,
Or motion of no less celerity
Than fairy-magic. Grant that you have seen
The new-appointed Mayor at Queen-street Stairs
Embark his royalty; and there his company
With silken streamers the young gazers pleasing,
Painted with different fancies; have beheld
Upon the golden galleries music playing,
And the horns echo, which do take the lead
Of other sounds! Still view the city barge
Draw its huge bottom thro' the furrow'd Thames,

Breasting the adverse surge. O do but think
You stand in Temple Gardens, and behold
London herself, on her proud stream afloat,
For so appears this fleet of Magistracy,
Holding due course to Westminster. Now follow,
Follow with scullers, oars, and skiffs, who can;
And leave your Spitalfields as midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women;
For who is he, whose's pocket's but enrich'd
With one appearing tester, and will not follow
These choice and well-row'd companies by water?

Next bear we the Lord Mayor
Towards the Exchequer—land him—and being sworn,
Have him away upon the applause of thousands
Adown the stream—beyond the Adelphi buildings
Pale in the Strand, with men, their wives and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the shrill-mouth'd trumpet,
Which like a mighty whiffler, clears the way,
That you may see him land at Blackfriars Bridge.
The Sheriffs there desire to have him borne,
The mace and sword before him, thro' the City,
(Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent)
For London doth pour out her citizens
In best sort, like the senators of Rome,
Whilst the plebians, swarming at their heels,
Crowd to conduct their much-lov'd Prætor home;
And now to Guildhall do we shift the scene.

Here Common Council in their maz'rine gowns
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The dinners luxury; invited Courtiers,
Garter-invested Peers, and grave Judges,
Present them to the gazing company,
So many honoured guests; and now behold
The Lord Mayor entering with the Aldermen:
From side to side he greets them all in turn,
Bids them fair welcome, with a gracious smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and citizens.
Upon his placid brow there is no note
How the days honour hath fatigued him,
But freshly looks, and overbears attaint
With cheerful semblance, and sweet courtesy;
And every guest beholding dinner serv'd up,
Plucks comfort from the noble sumptuous banquet,
A largess universal!—Now, last behold
A little touch of revels in the night,
And so our scene must to the ball-room fly;
Where, (O for a ticket) only to behold
"Earth treading stars"—"lights that mislead the morn,"
Right well disposed in dance harmonious,
To close the honours of this happy day.

Now the choice gallant youth are all on fire,
And silken dalliance from the wardrobe hies;
Now thrive perfumers, and fashion's images,
Reign solely in each charm'd beholder's breast;
While peerless beauty holds her court this night,
In all her pomp, and graceful charms of dress,
Transporting looks, and heart-subduing smiles.

Nov. 9. I. I. B.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I never have ventured my feeble Epigrammatic talents in public, keeping them only for my brother rhymer, the 'Squire of the Parish; as he approves the under *Jeu d'Esprit*, he insists on my sending it to you, hoping you will insert it in the next Magazine. I am, Gentlemen, your's, T. P.

EPIGRAM

Addressed to the lovely Miss W——, residing at Woodstock, Oct. 1, 1801.

SINCE you've permission, lovely fair,
In Blenheim Park to take the air,
Stroll not beyond your knowledge;
For oft-times bucks in brambles hide,
Spreading great terror far and wide,
Besides those stray'd from College.

Then

Then be it your chief study, fair!
Whene'er you mean to take the air,
To guard against those foes;
Some with their antlers may annoy,
Others your peaceful breast destroy,
And banish hence repose.

Where virtue, honour, truth reside,
And daily stalk too at her side,
What has the fair to fear?
Sure calm and tranquil is that breast,
Whose mind is free, by cares not prest,
And ever fair and clear.

LITTLE CAMPO.

Cw-w da Hall.

A RECEIPT TO MAKE A JOCKEY.

TAKE a pestle and mortar of moderate size,
Into Queensberry's* head put Bunbury's † eyes,
Cut Dick Vernon's throat and save all the blood,
To answer your purpose there's none half so good.
Pound Clermont to dust, you'll find it expedient,
The world cannot furnish a better ingredient;
From Derby and Bedford take plenty of spirit,
Successful or not, they have always that merit.
Tommy Panton's § address, John Wastell's || advice,
And a touch of Prometheus, 'tis done in a trice.

LOVE IN ALL SHAPES—A SONG.

YOU ask for a song, and, by Jove,
I'll sing one as well as I'm able;
The theme I have chosen is love,
A theme known to all at this table.

For where is the soul that escapes
The subtle and searching sensation?
It comes in all manner of shapes,
And fills the whole range of creation.

It spares neither aged nor young,
But travels the blessed world over;
And though never told by the tongue,
The eyes are most sure to discover.
'Tis the essence of spiritual flame,
The source of each tender emotion;
A feeling that fills the whole frame,
And speaks in each feature and motion.

It warms ev'ry thought of the soul,
It opes a new world to the senses;
Fair fancy it frees from controul,
And breaks down stupidity's fences.
It opens the mind of the Sage;
The growth of bright genius it quickens;
Gives warmth to the coldness of age,
And health to the bosom that sickens.

If sometimes the source of much pain,
Its joys, in proportion, are greater;
And though long we suffer in vain,
Reward will come sooner or later.
Thus Phyllis once broke my repose,
But Myra is not so hard-hearted;
Her kindness has banished my woes,
And cur'd all the wounds that once smarted.

Now, as for myself, I declare,
The passion I ne'er will let languish;
For sweet are the smiles of the fair,
And frowns are my torment and anguish.
O those who have known well as I,
The value of love's sacred pleasures,
Find charms in the glance of an eye,
Surpassing the world's richest treasures.

The Sex then, in bumpers, I'll boast,
Whilst wine I can purchase or borrow;
For comfort without them were lost,
And life would be nothing but sorrow.
They e'er shall be praised by my pen,
Their health I will drink in my glasses,
For who cares a straw for the men,
So long as he's lov'd by the lasses?

PROLOGUE,

On opening the Theatre, at Sydney, Botany Bay, spoken by the celebrated Mr. BARRINGTON.

FROM distant climes o'er wide-spread seas we come,
Though not with much eclat or beat of drum,

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* The Duke is said to have the longest turf head, with but a single eye.

† Sir Charles's eyes are so good, that he can see the horses the length of the Beacon, a four-mile course at Newmarket.

§ Mr. Panton is reckoned the most polite man on the turf.

|| Mr. Wastell's skill in the breed of horses is remarkable, and his advice is sought after by young sportsmen.

True patriots all, for be it understood,
We left our country, for our country's good;
No private views disgrac'd our generous zeal,
What urg'd our travels was our country's weal;
And none will doubt but that our emigration
Has prov'd most useful to the British nation.

But, you enquire, what could our breast inflame,
With this new passion for Theatric fame?
What, in the practice of our former days,
Could shape our talents to exhibit plays?
Your patience, Sirs, some observations made,
You'll grant us equal to the scenic trade.

He, who to midnight ladders is no stranger,
You'll own will make an admirable Ranger.
To seek Mackheath we have not far to roam,
And sure in Filch I shall be quite at home.
Unrivall'd there, none will dispute my claim
To high pre-eminence and exalted fame.

As oft on Gadshill we have ta'en our stand,
When 'twas so dark you could not see your hand,
Some true-bred Falstaff we may hope to start,
Who, when well bolster'd, well will play his part.
The scene to vary, we shall try in time
To treat you with a little Pantomime.
Here light and easy Columbines are found,
And well-tried Harlequins with us abound;
From durance vile our precious selves to keep,
We often had recourse to th' flying leap;
To a black face have sometimes ow'd escape,
And Hounslow Heath has prov'd the worth of crape.

But how, you ask, can we e'er hope to soar,
Above these scenes, and rise to Tragic lore?
Too oft, alas, we've forc'd th' unwilling tear,
And petrified the heart with real fear.
Macbeth, a harvest of applause will reap,
For some of us, I fear, have murder'd sleep;
His lady too with grace will sleep and talk,
Our females have been us'd at night to walk.

Sometimes indeed, so various is our art,
An actor may improve and mend his part:
"Give me a horse," bawls Richard, like a drone,
We'll find a man would help himself to one.
Grant us your favour, put us to the test,
To gain your smiles we'll do our very best;
And, without dread of future Turnkey Lockits,
Thus, in an honest way, still pick your pockets.

FROM ANACREON.

BY MR. DYER.

BULLS with horns kind Nature arms,
Guards with hoof the Horse from harms,
Hares with swiftness she endued,
With strength of teeth the lion brood;
Fish she taught to swim and play,
Birds to fly and carol gay.
Man to reason——Has then Heaven
Nought to gentle woman given?
Woman lives by beauty's charms
Stronger than the force of arms;
Charms like helmet that secure,
And as jav'lin swift and sure!
Steel and fire of living light
Yield to woman's beauty bright!

LINES

Inscribed on the Monument of NICHOLAS COPERNICUS, at Berlin, which he uttered with his dying breath.

NON parem Pauli gratiam requiro,
Veniam petri neque poseo; sed quam
In crucis legno dederat Latroni;
Sedulus oro.

TRANSLATED.

I ask not the grace that distinguished Paul,
Or the pardon that Peter dispenses to all;
But I pray to my God to attest my belief,
And to grant me that pardon he gave to the thief.